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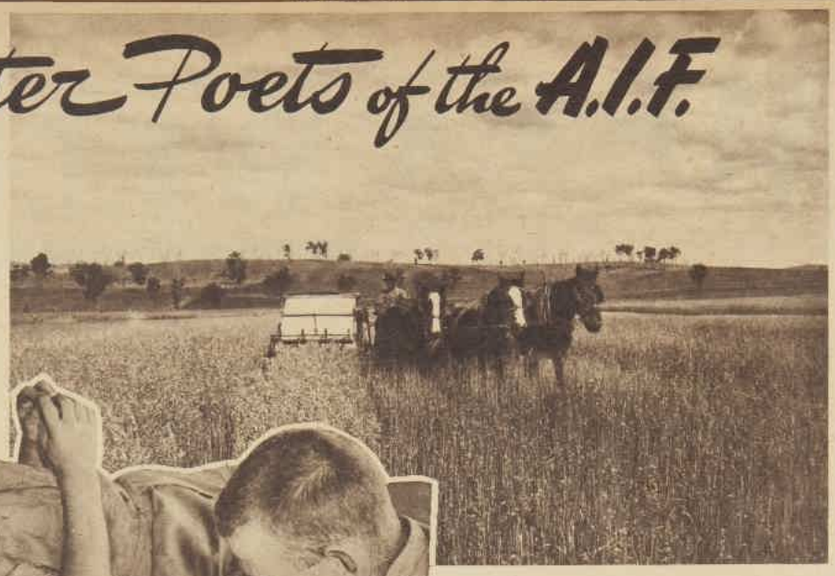
Fighter Poets of the A.I.F.

THOSE tough Australian boys who swept through Mussolini's empire are as handy with the pen as the sword. Here are a few samples of hundreds of poems sent by soldiers' relatives to The Australian Women's Weekly.



THEY dream of home. When soldiers off duty relax their thoughts turn to Australia. Sapper Locke's verse, "It's Harvest Time in Aussie," was inspired by the memory of a peaceful scene such as the one above.

It's harvest time in Aussie

BY Sapper E. Locke, in Egypt, sent to a friend in Cremorne, Sydney:

They'll be harvesting in Aussie, in the western districts, now,
A-reaping in the rich reward of hard work with the plough;
In fancy I am with them among the golden grain,
Oh, how I wish that it were true, and I was there again.

Old Nugget, Prince, and Dinah are straining in the lead,
The roaring of the harvester is pleasant sound indeed;
The other nine are pulling well as round the block we go,
And the stacks of bags are mounting as we leave them in a row.

The hot Australian sun from a cloudless sky glares down
To make the fallen wheat look like a gold mine strewn around;
And now and then a plover flies in terror from our path,
Or hares jump out with flattened ears to make the leaders start.

But that is all in fancy, and I find I'm really here
In this country of the Bible at the rainy time of year;
I hear the blanky bugle, for despite the heavy rain
We're going on manoeuvres in the mud and slush again.

The wives we left behind

THIS poem by Sgt. J. Stewart has been sent home by many soldiers:

You sing of England's might and power
In the air, on land or sea,
That she's ever ready to defend
The cause of liberty.
You sing about her soldiers brave
But a thought comes to my mind
That the bravest soldiers of us all
Are the wives we left behind.

Theirs is a lonely sorrow,
Their hearts are filled with pain,
Nothing can ease their torment
Till we come home again,
God knows the grief they suffer,
So keep it in your mind,
They are the bravest soldiers,
The wives we left behind.

Thoughts of home

FROM Private J. E. P. Smith, sent to his mother at Erskineville, N.S.W.:

I've just come in off duty,
And I'm feeling kind of blue,
So the best thing I can think of
Is to drop a line to you.

Writing seems to cheer you,
Makes a man remember home,
And makes him often wonder
Why he commenced to roam.

And if by chance they get me,
Should put me out of gear,
I'll go out like a Briton,
Like you would have me, dear.

But in the meantime, while I live,
While the guns and cannons roar,
I'll pray with all my heart, dear,
That we will meet some more.

And when the boys come sailing back
To greet Australia fair,
Among the happy, smiling band,
Here's hoping that I'm there.

Lost romance

BY Private M. N. Fullerton, on active service abroad:

I never was a writer, just a simple sort of blighter,
But I'll try to tell you what my feelings were.
How it set my heart a-knocking when I found within my stocking
A name, and hope that I would write to her.

I pictured her aplenty, young, maybe one and twenty,
And I wondered whether she'd be dark or fair.
Wondered what her type of beauty, angelic, staid, or cutie,
Wondered in what charming style she'd set her hair.

I pictured how our writing would continue till the fighting
Was o'er, and we were bound for home.
I pictured how I'd meet her, with a loving kiss I'd greet her,
And never from her side again I'd roam.

In my mind's eye she was sitting, demurely, always knitting
Some little thing to cheer a soldier's heart.
So I thought that I had better pen her then and there a letter,
And I gathered up my things to make a start.

Her address I started reading, 'cos the letter wasn't speeding.
When I chanced to turn it face about and then—
Panic came upon me dashing, hopes of romance came a-crashing,
For my dream girl's age was written there as ten!

To my wife

BY Driver H. S. Searle, in Palestine, sent to his wife in Adelaide:

The train is winding slowly
Through a strange and foreign land.
And as far as the eye can travel,
Stretches the shifting sand.

Along in the dying daylight
Into the darkening night,
The turning wheels are taking me
Farther from your sight.

But though I travel farther,
Even to the end of my day,
My love shall be as your love
For ever and for aye.

HERE ARE some of our soldier poets featured on this page. From left: Private J. E. P. Smith, Driver H. S. Searle, and Sapper E. Locke.

Make this a page from your life!

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only—it is the birthright of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so important as to know the art of fascination—most of all, the irresistible appeal of a petal-smooth skin. For even an ordinary complexion takes on a smooth and pearl-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Delicate as chiffon, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding the wearer with a hint of an unforgettable charm.

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

PRINCESS TSAHAI

. . . for Abyssinia

"I HOPE soon to join my father, to help our brave people," says Haile Selassie's twenty-one-year-old daughter, Princess Tsahai. She has been training as a nurse in London, and goes to Abyssinia with a field ambulance unit led by Dr. R. Last, of Adelaide.

Tsahai speaks English fluently, and recently appealed for comforts for Abyssinian troops.

GENERAL E. MILFORD

. . . M.-G. of Ordnance

FIRST graduate of Duntroon Military College to become a member of the Military Board is Major-General E. J. Milford, recently appointed Master-General of Ordnance at Army Headquarters. He is also first Duntroon graduate to attain the rank of Major-General.

One of the brilliant younger officers in the Australian Army, he was recalled to his new post from the Middle East.

MISS JILL DAVERON

. . . Airways link

RECENTLY-appointed liaison officer for Australian National Airways, Miss Jill Daveron, of Melbourne, is first to hold such a post in Australia.

"I am the link between the A.N.A. and the general public," she says, describing her duties. "I visit travel agencies, hotels, and tourist bureaus in all the States to foster interest in air travel. Australians are the most air-minded people in the world."

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FOREVER AND A DAY

By

Margery SHARP

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

"Why are you up here at all? Wandering about in this fog . . . " Lewis demanded.

BECAUSE it was the last night of the voyage the orchestra finished up, traditionally, with "Auld Lang Syne." The couples spread out in a linked circle; even people who had not been dancing came to join in and sing, and oddly enough the five passengers from the doctor's table found themselves all together.

They were Mrs. Brocard, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Pamela Whitelaw, and young Henry.

"The last night!" thought Mrs. Brocard, smiling a small, satisfied smile. She was thirty-five, and the most attractive woman on board. She was travelling, as usual, without her husband, and her six days' trip across the Atlantic had been a complete success.

But she was glad that it was over, and very glad that they docked, at New York, so early in the morning; for with two equally desperate flirtations on her hands she really did not know how she could have got through another day.

At that very moment there was poor Billy waiting for her on the boat-deck, and poor Derek waiting for her in the bar, but Mrs. Brocard had not the slightest intention of keeping her appointment with either of them. She was going straight to her cabin, she was going to lock the door, and she was going to stay there till her husband came on board to meet her.

The circle swayed inwards; she felt a vicious tug at her right hand. It was young Henry, the small boy travelling alone. His face wore a sullen scowl, his unsuitably-shod feet scuffed over the floor, and though his mouth opened and shut in time to the music the words he sang were not the words of "Auld Lang Syne."

"It's sickening, it's sickening," sang Henry.

"It's beastly sickening!"

And it was. He had reached, after no fewer than fourteen desperate struggles, the last round of the men's singles table-tennis championship, of which the finals were to have been played off at nine o'clock that evening; only they hadn't been, because when nine o'clock came the other finalist, a Mr. Moore, failed to show up.

It was rumored that he had been seen on the boat-deck in company with a young lady, but though Henry hunted them high and low they were nowhere to be found.

The officer in charge of deck games proposed to let Henry count it a walkover; but Henry did not want a walkover. He wanted victory. He wanted the prize, too, of course—it was a silver pencil—but he wanted to win it in fair fight. The frivolity of Mr. Moore (and of grown-ups in general) nauseated him. He opened his mouth and his lungs and let the music speak his wrongs.

On his right Pamela Whitelaw jumped. "What did you say?"

"I said it was sickening," replied Henry defiantly.

Pamela started again; the beastly little boy had exactly voiced her own thoughts. She was on her way to visit a married sister in New York; it was her first crossing, and everything ought to have been wonderful. Only it wasn't. She was too shy to make friends easily; during the whole voyage she had spoken to no one save her table companions, and they weren't interested in her.

Pamela glanced round; Lewis Crane was actually holding her hand, but he obviously did not know it. He was gazing, as usual, into his wife's eyes, and his wife, under cover of the music, was murmuring something in his ear . . .

"Keeping it up, aren't you?" said Sara Crane, between set lips.

Her husband managed a grin. "That's the idea. As you say, tomorrow makes a good clean break. You can stand me till then."

"I guess I'll have to . . ."

"I'll be gone before you wake," promised Lewis, "and leave your bags at the Customs. It's lucky we're on separate passports. Is this the end?

"We'll tak' a cup of kindess yet
"For Auld Lang Syne . . ."

In a last surge the linked circle broke apart; the voyage to all intents and purposes, was over.

. . . . . .

"Good morning," said Mrs. Brocard's stewardess brightly. "So we mayn't dock to-day after all!"

Mrs. Brocard sat up. "Why on earth not?"

"Fog," said the stewardess. "Came down just like an army blanket, and we've hardly moved all night. In my opinion we'll be lucky to get off by evening."

Into Mrs. Brocard's mind flashed the image first of poor Derek, then of poor Billy. She thought rapidly, and came as usual to the safest possible decision.

"I shan't get up," said Mrs. Brocard. "I'll have breakfast here, please, and my lunch, and if anyone inquires after me, tell them I'm seasick."

. . . . . .

"There's a fog!" announced young Henry, looking up from his bacon and eggs. "Miss Whitelaw! There's fog! Do you know what that means?"

"We'll be nearly a day late," said Pamela crossly. "And I can't see what there is to be so pleased about."

Henry looked at her with pity. "You were knocked out in the first round, weren't you? I'm in the finals, and now we shall be able to play them off. Here's Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane, do you know we're going to be a day late?"

"Yes," said Lewis Crane.

Henry stared at him inquisitively.

"DON'T you always have breakfast in your cabin?"

"As a rule," agreed Mr. Crane.

"Where's Mrs. Crane?"

"She is having breakfast in the cabin."

"Henry, don't talk with your mouth full," said Pamela.

Henry swallowed obligingly, opened his mouth to speak, and shut it again on a wedge of toast and marmalade. If people didn't want to talk to him, he jolly well didn't want to talk to them. Silence reigned.

"Isn't Mrs. Crane," asked Pamela at last, "feeling very well?"

"Quite, thank you," said Lewis. Abruptly he pushed back his chair and left.

"We're all sick of one another," thought Pamela, "and to-day's going to be the worst yet."

There was nothing to do. Her packing had been finished the night before. She went out, disconsolately, to look at the fog. Against the protecting glass of the main deck it hung in a great soft curtain, impenetrable and passive. Pamela shivered, and at the same moment had an odd feeling that up above, where the fog could roll as it willed, the atmosphere would be easier. She went below to fetch a coat and tie a handkerchief over her hair, and as she came up again saw the stewardess entering Mrs. Brocard's cabin with a laden tray.

"She's got sense," thought Pamela enviously. "She knows it's going to be a beastly day, so she just ignores it."

For a moment she hesitated, debating whether to follow Mrs. Brocard's example and go back and shut herself in her cabin; then the thought of the damp, foggy upper deck prevailed. There would be no one about, the mournful greyness would match her mood, and if she didn't commit suicide she could occupy the next hour making up a convincing tale, full of galeties of the voyage, to tell to her sister in New York.

. . . . . .

"Mr. Moore!" cried Henry.

Mr. Moore looked up. He had been comfortably settled in a corner of the lounge with a beautiful blonde who wanted advice about hotels.

"Our finals!" panted Henry. "Isn't it splendid! We've got all day, and the ship's as steady as anything!"

Mr. Moore did not look as pleased as might have been expected. "Good Lord!" he said. "That confounded ping-pong . . . Look here, Henry, you take a walkover——"

But Henry stood his ground. "You entered that tournament," he said sternly, "and you haven't broken your leg or anything, so if you don't play it through you'll be just the rottenest sport I've ever heard of."

Mr. Moore shrugged. The blonde laughed impatiently. "Darling, this is probably our last day——!"

Henry shifted his gaze. "I should have thought you'd had enough of each other," he commented. "It was you up on the boat-deck last night, wasn't it? And where you went after that I can't think. I went down to Mr. Moore's cabin——"

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FANTASTIC ARMADA

Heart-stirring story of Dunkirk . . . and of a young Briton who found his own heroic way of answering his country's desperate call for help.

MR. BEDDOES said for the twentieth time that morning:

"If I could lay my hand on a boat, Moore. If I could only lay my hand on a boat!"

They sat side by side, the old man and the boy, on the broken steps of the old landing-stage. They said that once, long ago, it had been an Ancient Britain's harbor, down there on the saltings.

Maybe it wasn't true. They said all kinds of things in Wintonsea. That the Vicar was a spy, and the American who'd bought the old Coast-guards' cottages was mad, and that Miss Wiltshire at the post office steamed all the letters open and read them before she passed them on. In a small seaside village folks do talk.

But the saltings had something about them, a whisper and tang of the past. The marsh grass grew long there, covered at high tide by the sea, with only one or two deep channels where boats could get in and out in the hands of those who knew. It was a great place for all kinds of birds.

There were no houses there. Enterprising builders had taken the far end of Wintonsea in hand, and run up many a bogus chalet and near-chateau along the shore. Picnic parties spread themselves. You could hire rubber boats and rubber sea-horses there.

Moore never went that side at all. Mr. Beddoes always spat when he mentioned it. Moore's mother, Mrs. Crichton, always spoke of it with scorn, although she made a living running a tearoom there. "Ye Olde Bee Hive" it was called, and in the piping days of peace it had flourished exceedingly. Those days were gone; there were no summer visitors. The beach and the bathing-huts were empty. There was change and decay everywhere.

But the old saltings remained just the same. Moore spent most of his time there. As a boy he had played his games and dreamed his dreams there, and it was there that Mr. Beddoes had taught him to handle a boat . . . and taught him how to carve a ship from a piece of wood.

Often at evenings, lying in the long grass watching the shadows lengthen, and the clouds reflected in the still blue water that filled the harbor when the tide rose, Moore could have sworn he saw Vikings come in, with their long boats. The golden glint of sunset on the water could easily have been their helmets and shining spears.

He made himself a whole fleet of little wooden ships with fine high-sounding names. And he anchored them up to the old wooden post that was trimmed with limpets and barnacles and the rich yellow blobs of the sea hazel and the green floating weed that they called mermaid's hair. And it seemed to Moore that there was no life like the life of a sailor, and nothing so beautiful in all the world as a ship sailing out to sea.

He used to sit whittling his ships when he should have been doing his homework. Moore's nonsense, his mother called it. She had no sympathy with him and his passion for boats.

"If you think that sort of thing is going to get you the scholarship," she said, "you're mightily mistaken."

And she was right. He didn't get the scholarship. She was always right, and Moore had been wrong for so long now that he had sort of lost heart. And here he was, in the holidays, mooning round not knowing what he was going to do next, and fretting because he couldn't go to sea. He would have run away, but he was her only son. Only sons can't; it's deserting.

"What I'm going to do with you now, dear knows," mourned his mother. She gave tongue in a series of matronly moans. "Look at the opportunities you've had. Look at the chance you've missed. If you'd got your certificate here was a job all waiting for you. Mr. Weston had promised to take you into his firm, and they'd have sent you out to Burma, and you'd have come back a rich man."

"I don't want to be a rich man . . . I want to build ships . . . There must be jobs going . . ."

"Throwing away solid opportunity to chase will-o'-the-wisps," said Mrs. Crichton. "All the money I wasted educating you, and little chance of getting anything back, either. You'll take whatever turns up now, and help me out a bit. Dear knows where we shall be if things go on the way they are doing. Build ships!" said Mrs. Crichton. "If you ask me, ships are out of date, anyhow. It's aeroplanes that count."

She grumbled all the time nowadays, but you couldn't blame her. She had a lot of worries. Moore used to creep away as soon as he could, and sit on the edge of the old landing-stage, dangling his thin legs into the water. And old Mr. Beddoes used to come and sit beside him.

Sometimes they talked. Grand yarns of the sea, Mr. Beddoes could tell, and he knew songs, fine seafaring lays, with fourteen verses, but you only sang three of them if ladies were present. Mr. Beddoes wore a blue turtle-necked jersey. It had the word Saucylinda in red wool on the chest because that was the name of the boat he had once owned.

"And if I had her now, I wouldn't be sitting beside you this day," said Mr. Beddoes. "It's the first time there's been a call and I haven't answered it, Moore. And I'm not that old," said Mr. Beddoes. "What's sixty-nine? Tell me that. What is it?"

Moore stared gloomily down into the water. Little fishes like slim ghosts were being drawn out to sea on the ebb tide between the marsh grasses. Moore wondered whether Mr. Beddoes had forgotten telling him last Christmas he'd had his seventy-third birthday and was proud of it. Or maybe he was just making a mistake.

"Look," said Mr. Beddoes. "Every danged one of them gone."

It was true enough. The estuary that was usually a mooring-place for every shape and kind of boat, from the slender, painted yacht of the rich man to the ancient craft beached high on the sandbanks and used as a houseboat, had gone. Little red buoys bobbed in the sunshine there, but there was nothing else.

Illustrated by WEP

"I feel what Drake would have felt," said Mr. Beddoes, "if the fleet had gone without him. If only I'd time, I'd build a boat with my own hands and get it over there someways."

He stared with eyes like angry blue pebbles out to sea.

"I wonder if the American has taken his boat?" Moore said idly.

"I'd wager my soul," said Mr. Beddoes, "you won't find a craft of any kind not the length of this coast. I saw them go. The sea was thick with them."

When he had gone, Moore remained for a little while sitting there alone. He was too old to play at ships any longer, but the saltings still fascinated him. He still pretended it was his own, though now he had to share it with the American.

The American had bought the old Coast-guards' cottages last year. He had spent a deal of money on them, folks said, and the way they looked inside now, you'd be surprised. He had built himself a private boathouse behind the old stone dyke.

Moore knew his boat. It was a motor launch, white and elegant as a swan, with an engine so silent you couldn't hear it running. It was called the Pocahontas. Moore often saw it going out, the American at the wheel, a cigar in his mouth, an old panama hat rammed well down over his eyes.

It was one of the games Moore still played, spying on the American. Sometimes he crept along to the end of the saltings, where a row of wind-thwarted trees stood beside the Coast-guards' cottages.

If you climbed one of these, you saw over the wall. There was the American sitting in a rocking-chair on the porch, his long legs stretched out in front of him, and a pair of opera-glasses in his hands, through which he took a look, from time to time, at the birds. Moore often wondered why it was he never spotted the boy in the gnarled tree spying on him. He just never did.

They said he was a millionaire. They said he had been crossed in love. They said that he was mad. But Moore sort of liked him for all that, and his boat was a delight to watch.

The clock struck six. He clambered down, hitching up his grey flannel trousers round his thin middle, tightening his belt a hole. He was hungry. He had missed his tea. At that time he avoided going home as much as he could. His mother was always going on about the scholarship, and his certificate. It wasn't that she meant to be unkind, it was just that she was bothered. It was just that she was tired, working so hard, and no one to help her now, except Morna, the little girl from the village.

BAKING cakes is hot work on summer days. The little wrinkle he called The Worry was always between her eyes. If only there was something he could do for her—as long as it wasn't going into the store. She said now he'd just have to go into the store. Slabs of yellow margarine, leaning towers of tinned goods. He slumped his shoulders despondently.

He had the ramshackle air of a young colt, and a short nose powdered with freckles. He wore a grey woollen turtle-neck jersey he had bought with his birthday money, copying Mr. Beddoes. He walked kicking a pebble along in front of him for company. Mrs. Crichton saw him coming. Her shrill voice called to him over the gate from among the striped orange umbrellas that no one ever came, now, to sit under.

"For goodness' sake, Moore. As if shoes didn't wear out fast enough and I don't know where you think we're going to get anything to replace them. And take your hands out of your pockets. What do you look like, slouching along. Can't you smarten up a bit? Dear knows what I'm going to do with you."

He sat down noisily, hiding his unhappiness under a sullen manner. He felt all legs and arms. His mother dished out a portion of the watery mixture she called Irish stew. Small pieces of pale meat made flotsam amongst a good bit of potato. When she had done making stuff for the tearoom Mrs. Crichton hadn't any heart left for cooking for the home.

"Only ten in to-day," she said, "and I've all that stuff going stale. Dear knows what will be the end of it."

"Did you hear the six-o'clock news? Did you hear if they'd got any more men away from over there?"

"I did not. I haven't any patience with it. They don't tell us anything, anyway. Just a lot of nonsense."

She gave him another ladleful of the gruesome mixture. He didn't want it, but he dared not say so. He often wished he had a dog. He won-

"If only I'd time, I'd build a boat and get it over there someways," said Mr. Beddoes.

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Moore clenched his teeth and fired as the plane swooped menacingly upon them.

By DOROTHY BLACK

dered if she would let him have a dog. He knew she'd never.

"One thing I did hear, though. That mad American has gone."

"Gone? Where's he gone to?"

"Back where he came from, I expect. They warned them all to go home last week, and I'll wager that's what he's done. Bunked. Gone with the wind up! Skedaddled while the going was good. Maybe he didn't care so much for the way the guns were getting nearer. Maybe he was frightened at the thought of air raids."

Mrs. Crichton had a lively scorn for all foreigners. All foreigners and most Englishmen into the bargain. The fire spoils the temper.

"I liked him," said Moore.

She turned on him crossly.

"You liked him! You didn't even know him. He was just one of those with more money than wits, and what he was doing here at all I've often wondered. I'd have kept an eye on him if I'd been the authorities."

"There was nothing wrong with him. He was a good sort," said Moore stubbornly. He didn't quite know how he knew.

He went out again after his supper. This was the hour of magic and delight when as a boy he had pretended the Vikings came in in their long boats. The tide swayed the marsh grasses. White gulls held parliament on a half-submerged sandbank. The line of the old Coastguards' cottages stood out white in the gathering twilight against its ridge of trees. So the American had gone? He'd never sit there again in his rocker, looking benign. Moore wondered why he felt sorry.

Then a thought came to him suddenly. If the American had gone, and the place was empty, he could explore.

It did not take him two minutes to shin over the wall. He dropped down quietly into the herbaceous border. Colored spears of lupins flamed all around him. The mad American had certainly done a lot to the place. The garden was lovely. A flock of starlings, busy about the currant bushes, went off like rockets. Moore crept down the side of the house, peering into the windows.

The American must have been even madder than people imagined. He had just gone off, leaving everything. A meal was laid on the shiny dark oak table. There was buttercup-yellow china and a bowl of roses in the middle. The man who had been his servant must have gone with him, too. The empty rocker stood, looking oddly forlorn, on the verandah.

With a sudden lift of the heart Moore thought of the boat. He couldn't surely have left the boat. He would have gone away in it himself. But for all that the boy's feet carried him urgently down the flagged path to the boathouse, because if the American had left his boat . . .

He did not even finish the thought. With his pocket-knife he was removing the screws that fastened the padlock of the boathouse, as every boy knows how. He peered through the gathering dusk into the shadows.

She was there, the Pocahontas in all her glory, covered over with a canvas cover tied with brass eyelets gone green with the sea. Moore jumped aboard, his heart beating as it had never done before. He peered at the gauges by the last of the daylight. There couldn't, he told himself, be oil and petrol in her. That would be asking too much. No one would be quite so mad as to go away leaving her full.

Then he straightened his back, and stood for a moment hardly able to breathe. The gauges all had their needles swung over as far as they would go to the right.

Moore swallowed hard. Then, with trembling fingers, he took off the canvas cover and folded it neatly under the seat in the little cabin that was all lined with bird's-eye maple and upholstered in blue. It didn't need any planning or thinking over. Every thought had left his head now, except one.

He left a note for his mother.

"Gone fishing," he said. He sometimes went fishing with Mr. Beddoes off the end of Wintonsea pier. It wasn't much fun, but what could you do when you hadn't a boat? He didn't take any food with him. He forgot all about food, as men will when there are greater matters afoot. In the grey of the dawn he clambered aboard the Pocahontas and switched on the engine. It ran sweetly and silently. You had to bend down to be sure she was going and listen to her.

The sea was soft and grey, with a sheen on it that was like satin, dimpled here and there where a fish jumped. The horizon was all one with the sea, so that you felt you were slipping noiselessly through a grey bowl. That meant heat was coming, or fog. He made the Pocahontas fast at the little slipway opposite Mr. Beddoes' cottage. Mr. Beddoes' cottage was called Bermuda, in memory of other days. A handful of pebbles went rattling up to the window.

"Mr. Beddoes . . . Mr. Beddoes . . ." called Moore urgently. "Come down. I've got a boat."

Mr. Beddoes' face was like one of those rubber faces that turn from grief to grin with a single squeeze.

"You have, Moore? You have?"

It didn't seem any time till Mr. Beddoes came down the stairs in the peculiar way he had. Coming down the ladder he called it. He wore his oilskin boots, his mackintosh cape and his jersey with the red name Saucylinda on the chest of it. He had something done up in a bundle under his arm. Moore hoped it was food, for he'd just remembered he hadn't any.

Mr. Beddoes leapt aboard the Pocahontas as if she belonged to him. Moore waited anxiously to be asked where he had got her, but Mr. Beddoes never asked.

"Set a course by that star, boy," he commanded. "It's fading, but it will hold yet awhile."

He fell to unwrapping the bundle he had with him. Moore watched him, too interested to care that it certainly wasn't food. It was the most curious contraption of a gun the boy had ever seen.

"Know what that is?" asked Mr. Beddoes, proudly. "That's a real gangster's machine-gun, that is. I got it in the States in a way I didn't have any right to. And I smuggled it home done up in a carpet labelled 'Household Goods. Property of the Master.' Like a machine-gun it is, only smaller. You work it like this."

He laughed happily and burst into the verse of one of his seafaring songs. A verse you left out when ladies were present.

"Plenty of juice, I hope?" His experienced blue pebble eyes raked the gauges, and the corners of them became a railway junction of lines.

"Goes pretty, don't she? We'll be there in no time."

Morning turned from grey to silver, from silver to rose. The wind sang merrily about them. Their wake was a golden thread woven into the counterpane of the sea. The star had faded.

"Due sou'-sou'-east," said Mr. Beddoes. "Make for yon smoke."

Guns, faint before, spoke loudly. They did something now to the inside of your head. They set your teeth a-jarring. It wasn't a game any longer. It was something real. Something that was going to be frightening, and exciting at the same time.

Moore's mouth was dry, and the palms of his hands wet, but after this he was going to know. He was going to know whether he was any good or not, and that is a thing every young man wants to know very badly. To be sure that when the moment of testing comes his sea-anchor doesn't drag, as Mr. Beddoes would have said.

"What did your ma say?" asked Mr. Beddoes gruffly.

"I—I told her I was going fishing."

Mr. Beddoes grunted.

"Best way. When there's a job to do you can't go listening all day to what women have to say."

"I stole this boat. I—at least I took it." He felt the urge for confession on him. "It belongs to the mad American."

Mr. Beddoes grinned.

"Looks to me like an answer to prayer, as you might say. They called for boats, and I hadn't a boat, and along you comes and brings one, Moore boy. Usually you'll find the Lord helps you out if you steer a straight course. It was the Lord put it into that chap's head to go off and leave his boat behind. And then I reckon He put it into your mind to go along and get it. He works in a mysterious way," said Mr. Beddoes piously, looking at a mackerel shoal longingly.

The haze had thickened. It hung like a pall now over a glassy sea. They steered by compass, slowly. From nowhere there came a little wind, ruffling the waters and lifting the mist like a curtain blown aside.

Then Moore discovered that the sea they had seemed to have to themselves was crowded with ships. It might have been Wintonsea on a regatta day. There wasn't any kind of craft that wasn't represented. There were old salts in rowing dinghies, and the greyhound lines of smart private yachts. Saucy Liza, Gallant Jane, The Di-De-Doo — they were all there, part of as fantastic an armada as ever sailed the seas.

There was one ancient hulk that had evidently been used as a houseboat wallowing along before the efforts of an outboard engine, evidently hastily fitted up. She had Nottingham lace curtains at the windows and a geranium in a pot.

Moore's spirits rose and soared. They weren't alone. They had come, the little-ship men, in their hundreds. They were part of a fleet, the domestic armada come to the rescue of the stranded men in Dunkirk.

Now the guns seemed to be right on top of them. The sea about them sprouted fantastic silver flowers and foliage which as swiftly died. A line of destroyers stood off the coast, unable to get close because of shallow water. And on the beach, in long, straight, orderly lines, the men stood waiting. When the din of the guns let up for a minute, Moore heard them singing "Roll Out the Barrel."

Something hit the Pocahontas and she shivered, and part of her maple-lined cabin just wasn't there any more. Moore shut his eyes, and felt a sudden chokiness in his throat. That hurt—to see loveliness smashed. And then the hurt turned to rage in his heart.

"Steady, boy. Get her in as near as you can. They'll come on out to us. You keep the wheel. I'll help haul them on board."

The men waded out to them. Wounded men, weary men, they stumbled through the water, and sometimes fell and disappeared, and then bobbed up again. They swarmed round the boats, and shouted to them, hailing them.

"Hi, skipper! What about a ride? Pass right along there, please; plenty of room in the middle of the car."

Some they hauled on board like sacks, and they fell asleep where they lay, the water from them oozing off to set the carpet in the Pocahontas' cabin afloat.

They took their load to a destroyer, and then came back. On the next trip they picked up three rowing-boats, and gave them a tow. The sea about them erupted shells, and it did not seem to matter. Moore steered round them carelessly as if they were flags on a regatta course. Nothing mattered but the rows of waiting men, standing there steady as a rock under the crashing shells, waiting to be taken off.

The Pocahontas still steered handily, though she had taken on a heavy list. It hurt Moore to look at her scarred white paint and stripped and shattered sides, but he just tried not to think about it. And there was not much time for thinking, anyway.

The waiting crowds had diminished to a series of dots. The early stars came out over the summer sea. The big ships had gone, and the little ones were starting, laden as they were, for home under their own steam. In the moment's rest they had after putting their last load down, Moore suddenly realised how tired he was, and how hungry.

"Well, I reckon we'd best be getting along back home ourselves with the rest," said Mr. Beddoes. He screened his eyes with his hand, and stood peering through the gathering darkness. "Hold on," he said. "There's some more chaps there."

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ENCOUNTER *with* A GHOST

By . . .

Naomi Lane BABSON

Illustrated by SANTRY

IT had been raining all day long. And all day long the train had made unannounced, indefinite halts, sometimes lasting five minutes, and sometimes forty-five.

Evelyn Baird lost all sense of time and space. She felt as if the journey had had no beginning and would never have an end, as if she were imprisoned in a world of mountain and jungle and silver veils of rain, lost forever somewhere in the hills of south-west China.

When once more the brakes squealed and the line of coaches jerked, trembled, and shuttered to a stop, she pressed her nose against the steamy window and stared into the dusk, trying to see, yet all the time convinced she would see nothing real.

For an instant she did not know that the light without was reflected from within, that the humped shadow there was only Stanley sleeping in the opposite corner of the compartment. Then she saw more clearly, saw that he looked tired, old, and defeated. Her spirit hardened. It was not for this that she had come so far and given up so much. She did not speak to him, barely looked around when the unaccustomed stillness of the stopped train woke him at last and he sat up, blinking a little.

"Well, well. I seem to have been asleep."

Evelyn waited, letting the pause draw out, before she said with gentle sarcasm, "Not really?"

At once Stan became apologetic, as she had meant him to. "It's devilish dull for you, I know. And after all that mess two days ago . . ." He broke off, sighing. "A beastly trip. But we're only a day or so from Hanoi now, and you can fly from there. Planes for anywhere—everywhere."

You, he had said. Not we. As if he knew already, though she had not told him, that his wife's mind was made up. When they got back to civilisation again she was going to leave him. No more wild goose chases for her, no more hunting for the rainbow's end. But this was not the time to talk of it. She said instead:

"At this rate we shall never reach Hanoi or anywhere else. Do you know where we are, or why we've stopped?"

"I'll try to find out."

The corridor door closed behind him. She was alone. In the silence and the emptiness, the events of the past few days came rushing into her mind. They had been far up in Yunnanfu, staying with missionaries because there was no hotel, and Stan had been happy and full of confidence. He had a good thing this time—mines of unexpected richness—and the contracts were ready for signing; he'd get a stunning commission. Then came the sudden rumor that the company backing him was backed, in turn, by Japanese capital, an ugly, dangerous situation in the China of to-day, even though hostilities had not yet reached this province.

Evelyn remembered the quick rise of feeling in the city, with herself and Stan its natural targets. Their missionary host had urged them to get at once to the French railway, to a train for Indo-China and safety. Whether the rumors were true or not, Stan's deal was off this time. They could see that.

While the event was spiced with danger, Evelyn had not cared so much. Stan showed up well in emergencies; he was cool-headed and competent. They got away without fuss and came safely to the railway with its suave French guards, and its trains that made the twentieth century real again. There was even a stuffy first-class compartment for Europeans. And if Stan slept to-day, looking worn and middle-aged, Evelyn knew in her heart it was because he had stayed awake the whole of one long night, gun in hand, sitting by her bed.

But that was not the point. The point was that they need not have been in this mess at all. He should have known more about the job before he took it. He knew his mines, but that wasn't enough if one were a fool in other ways.

Evelyn drew a long, unhappy breath. Her husband was a fool, a failure. He would never get ahead. Time after time he had lent his name and his prestige in the mining world to schemes that proved fishy in one way or another, until inevitably his reputation suffered. Most men of his age were settled now, and well established.

Strange that a man should understand the earth so well, and the people on it so little! Stan could crumble soil in his fingers, toss a bit of rock from hand to hand, study a ledge or two, and pronounce a judgment seldom proved at fault. They said that he smelled good ore, and he had helped plenty of other men to the success he'd never achieved for himself.

Once she had found that quality endearing. She had called him single - hearted, an idealist, when they were married ten years ago. But values change as one grows older. The words she used to-day were "gullible—impractical." It angered her to see shrewder, more calculating men get on at his expense. And she knew now that Stan would never change.

Well, she was tired of it. She was done.

Once more she rubbed thin fog from the windowpane and stared out, unseeing. Surely it was not her duty to spend her whole life assisting at the failure he had made of his? There were other things to consider. The boys, she thought. Young Stanley and John, at home in school. She missed them horribly. Missed them, she knew, more than they did her. They were content with their school, and each other, and their excellent holiday home. They enjoyed their parents' occasional appearances from far-off, romantic places in the world. It was she who wanted more.

For Stan's sake she had given them up when John was five years old. He was eight now, young Stan nine. And she was thirty-three. Still time enough to go back home and make a new life for them and for herself; to bind them more closely to her, while they yet were young.

And Stan? He had tried an office job in London when the children were very young, but it had been like trying to keep a log from floating with the stream. He had tried going abroad without her too, but in those days they had been so much in love that the two years' separation had been more then they could bear. And so she had given up children, home, friends—everything . . . For what?

Evelyn beat impatient fingers on the glass. This was the last journey for her. After this Stan could do what he pleased. Chase his will-o'-the-wisps alone, or come home and make the best of it. Grow dahlias, collect stamps . . .

"Hallo, hallo," he said from the doorway. "Think you'd lost me? Sorry to be so long."

The forced heartiness of his voice warned her that something was wrong again. "Well?" she said.

"Evelyn, I'm sorry, but we seem to be really stuck this time. Washouts ahead. We can't go on tonight."

"Stay here all night? Oh, dear. Well, we have the compartment, luckily."

"Yes. But you see, the train's not staying. They're sending it back up the line. It's not so bad as it might be, though. We're just outside a place called Mung-ze, or Men-si——"

"Never heard of it."

"I know, but I've been making inquiries. It used to be a sort of summer resort—French, you know—for people from the plains, when it was hard to get higher into the mountains; and they say there's still a foreign hotel."

"It's sure to be ghastly." But Evelyn's voice was kinder than her words. A French hotel ought not to be too bad. Besides, he had said a summer resort, and it was August now. Evelyn felt mildly cheered.

Standing up, she held out her arms for Stan to slip on the jacket of her travelling suit—dark, uncrushable linen, with a stitched linen hat. Considering how long she had been separated from her trunks, she was still remarkably well turned out.

Stan's hands closed tightly on her shoulders. There was contrition in the gesture, and appeal, but Evelyn would not respond to them. If he wanted to think she was tired and cross, all right. It would be the simple truth. After a moment he released her, crossed to the open corridor window and called for coolies.

Following them off the train and down a cindery path towards the distant station, Evelyn felt again something uncanny and frightening about this country.

"ARE we the only foreigners?" she asked.

"Looks like it," Stan answered cheerfully.

"It can't be such a very big resort."

"I said it used to be—before the trains went clear through to Yunnanfu. Here you are, darling, hop in."

It had stopped raining, and Evelyn could leave the hood of the rickshaw down, which was a blessing. Stan rode ahead of her, his head and shoulders faintly discernible in the twilight. They jogged on endlessly, it seemed to her, passing other rickshaws from the station as well as groups of humbler passengers going on foot to find their night's lodging. Here was the city wall and an open gate with sentries on either side. Down one long side of the wall they went, and around a corner. They were west of the city now, for she could glimpse red sunset through the breaking clouds.

She remembered that only two days ago they had been fugitives. Was it possible that word had come ahead and danger waited? But that was nonsense—who could have known the train would be held up just here? And there was nothing against Stan, once he had torn his contract up and left that town. Nevertheless, Evelyn was curiously relieved when they came to another gate and saw inside it the shadowy bulk of a big hotel.

It was larger than she had expected, and indubitably foreign; three sides of a quadrangle, two stories high, with a verandah running all along the front. Rickshaw shafts clattered down, and coolies jabbered excitedly in shrill, sharp voices. Stan was fumbling for money while the last of the sunset faded from the sky, and Evelyn heard behind her a noise half thud, half clang. The city gates were closing for the night. She shivered uncontrollably.

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Evelyn followed nervously as Ping-Pong led the way along a lonely corridor.

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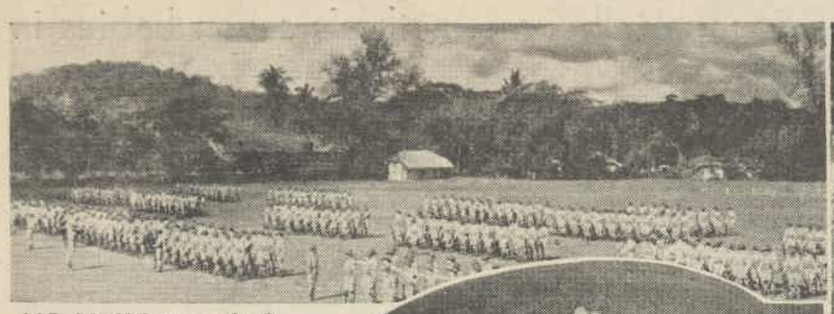
GENERAL SAW A.I.F. FIGHTING FIT IN TROPICS



A.I.F. PARADE on a station in Malaya. The camps are comfortable as well as picturesque.

He noticed that "fair dinkum" is now good Malay

"Tell the women of Australia that the Australians in Malaya look fine, are in excellent spirits and very good health."

Major-General J. Northcott, Deputy-Chief of the Australian General Staff, said this on his return from Malaya, where he inspected A.I.F. troops.

"THE arrrival of our Australian troops in Malaya had a great effect on the local populations. When they saw them they felt their security would be in very good hands, and that Australia was taking a great interest in Malaya and the Far East by sending her sons," said Major-General Northcott.

"To see a battalion of our fellows march into a town in a country that is not very far from Australia, but is so very different as a setting, is most impressive. They look fine in tropical kit, shirts, shorts, and the famous hats.

"In fact, they looked even bigger men than they look in Australia.

Learning language

"AT first the natives were inclined to be afraid of them, but now the whole atmosphere has changed.

"In every town I went through I saw a Digger with three or four native boys round him. The Digger would have a book, and the natives were obviously teaching him the language. It was always a friendly, laughing group.

"Most of the Australians I spoke to had never been out of this country before, and the variety and color of the unaccustomed sights only to be found in Eastern countries was a never-ending source of amazement to them.

"The rickshaws were a great delight to these chaps. So were the native shops. Judging by the way they took to the shops there should be a good many souvenirs coming to Australia soon.

"In one shop where they sell silks and native jewellery I saw a notice on the counter, 'Fair Dinkum to Australians.' That was only a few days after the arrival, too.

"But most of the men had very little time for sightseeing in Singapore. They were sent straight to northern towns in Malaya.

"Many of them are accommodated in the buildings of schools, which would correspond with our high schools. They were built for the tropics and are very comfortable indeed and well equipped with fans.

"Each man has his camp stretcher and mosquito net.

"In addition, they have comfortable hutted accommodation thatched with palm leaves for mess rooms.

"Whilst they had a certain amount of chills during the voyage owing to the damp heat of the tropics and the habit of letting the fans play on them while they were overheated, the men have all got over that now.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. NORTHCOTT, Deputy-Chief of the Australian General Staff, who recently returned from Malaya.

"They are in excellent spirits and very good health. In fact, while I was there there were fewer cases of sickness than in an ordinary camp in Australia.

"The heat in Singapore is very unpleasant, but in Malaya, where our men are, it is much better.

"They are not any more sunburnt than they were in Australia. In fact, they can go about most of the day without hats. The sun is at its hottest before 9 a.m. After that the humidity takes the sting out of the sun's rays.

"I asked one Digger how he felt the climate. 'This'll do me,' he said. 'It's not half as bad as some of the places in Queensland.'

"A doctor in one medical unit told me, 'It's agreeing with them. Quite a number are putting on weight.'

"Some people in Australia are a bit worried about malaria, but there is none in the area where our troops are camped. The mosquito pest has been so drastically dealt with there that it has been cleaned up.

"When they go into the jungle it is different, but steps are being taken to avoid malaria. The men cover their hands and faces with mosquito ointment, and we are sending them mosquito hat nets.

Sports grounds

"MALAYANS, like Australians, are great sports. Every town has its sporting club with tennis courts, cricket and football grounds. There are fine sports grounds at every camp.

"The men are very proud of their camps, too. At one battalion camp I visited they proudly showed me their beautiful lawns, footpaths, and huts, all put up in five days, complete with fishpond in the middle of the lawn.

"As we walked round I saw a neat little hut with a high wire fence round it. 'I see you've started a chicken farm already,' I remarked to the commanding officer.

"He only laughed, and when we got near there was a young kangaroo hopping about inside the netting.

"I don't know how it was smuggled in, but those chaps felt they had a real bit of home with them.

"As for comforts, Major-General Gordon Bennett tells me he is being tremendously helped by local white women and leading Chinese women in making arrangements for the social welfare and entertainment of the men.

"There are a great number of Australian families living over there. Both the men and the women have formed themselves into committees in all the towns. Each town has its Anzac Club, where our men can go for a read, a rest, or a cup of tea.

"New plans are being made for a hostel in Singapore, where men on leave may sleep and get their meals at very low cost.

"The men in Malaya are very well looked after, and, what is as important, they receive their mails regularly, but you might tell their mothers that what they do want is more small wireless sets."

"Kitty Foyle" begins soon

"KITTY FOYLE," most talked of novel for years, begins as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly on April 5.

You'll fall in love with frank, outspoken Kitty, delightful heroine of Christopher Morley's novel.

This great book has been made into a fine film by RKO, with Ginger Rogers as Kitty. Her acting in this role won her the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best performance of the year.

THIS KANGAROO MASCOT appeared magically with the A.I.F. in Malaya. Diggers enclosed a playground for it with wire.

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Is this Australia's record family of twins?

Young Melbourne mother's seven babies in past six years

JOHN AND NEVILLE, aged two months, make a couple of good armfuls for Mrs. Robert Kerr. They are her third set of twins in six years.

THE KERR FAMILY: Roselea (6), Mrs. Robert Kerr holding John and Neville (2 months), Raymond (6), Laurence and Lorraine (2), and Eileen (5).

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kerr, of Preston Road, Hughesdale, Vic., think theirs is a record family. They have seven children, all born within the last six years, including three sets of twins.

MARRIED at twenty, Mrs. Kerr, at 27, has a full-time job looking after her seven bonny little Australians.

They are Roselea and Raymond, who were six in February; Eileen, whose fifth birthday was on March 17; two-year-old Laurence and Lorraine, and the newest additions to the household, John and Neville, who were born at St. Vincent's Maternity Hospital, Melbourne, on January 22.

There are no luxuries in the Kerr home, but a very happy family lives there.

Mr. Kerr is a painter and decorator, and it is only during the last two years that he has had a good run of jobs.

Visitors who come to the door are usually greeted by the second youngest twins, the two-year-olds, plump, sedate Laurence, who has the gait of an alderman, and laughing, chatting Lorraine, who is scarcely still for a moment.

The three eldest children are attending school at Hughesdale.

All seven are hearty, healthy kiddies with fair hair and fresh complexions.

All but Eileen have their mother's large brown eyes, but Eileen, the odd one, has twinkling blue eyes, and wears a motherly expression. She likes to help with the two-year-olds.

She budgets

THEIR mother is a pleasant girl with a happy smile. She has naturally wavy dark brown hair.

"It's just as well my hair is wavy," she remarked with a laugh, as she expertly picked up a baby twin in each arm.

"I would never find time to go and have it set, and even if I did there would be no money to spare for a perm.

"It takes a lot to feed a family like ours. Our grocer's bill alone is over £1 a week, and we use five pints of milk every day.

"I'll be glad if the child endowment scheme goes through. Even the baby bonus isn't all that it seems.

"I haven't claimed for the new twins yet, but though I would have got £5 for one baby when the twins Laurence and Lorraine arrived I only received £7/10/-.

"We have had to make a lot of sacrifices for our children, but they are worth it. We were going to get a new bedroom suite round about now, but John and Neville put a stop to that.

"I rarely get out, and I have plenty of work to do. Every day is washing day in this house, and by the time I do some baking and look after all the children I haven't much time on my hands.

"We did have a bad spin just before Christmas, when the five eldest kiddies all had whooping cough and measles.

"I am one of eight, and my husband is one of six, but I don't know of any twins in our families.

"I am very thankful that I did a little cooking and housework back in the days when I was Gladys Curran, and am determined to have all my daughters well trained in housewifery."

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TO SERVE IN ABYSSINIA

South Australian doctor and wife chosen by Princess Tsahai to establish hospital bases

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

South Australian nurse Mrs. Margaret Last and Princess Tsahai, daughter of the Emperor of Abyssinia, are leaving London soon to join an advance ambulance unit now working to establish hospital bases in Abyssinia.

The advance unit is headed by Nurse Last's husband, Dr. Raymond Last, also of South Australia, who was chosen for the post in England. Dr. and Mrs. Last were returning to Australia last December when their ship, the Napier Star, was torpedoed, and they spent 40 hours in a lifeboat off Iceland.

NURSE Margaret Last, of South Australia, who is going to Abyssinia with Princess Tsahai.

ABOVE: Dr. Raymond Last, South Australian, chosen to lead an advance ambulance unit into Abyssinia and establish hospital bases there.

CENTRE: Princess Tsahai of Abyssinia will work in hospital bases as war spreads through her father's lands. See other picture of Princess on page 2.

MRS. LAST and the Princess will wear the badge of the Ethiopian Women, inscribed with the words "The Queen of the South shall rise."

Behind that badge stand the Empress and her daughter, two women who never lost faith that their country would be liberated.

As president of the Ethiopian Women's Association, Empress Menen spent her years of exile planning for the day when she'd go back to rally the women of Ethiopia.

Well organised

SHE'S kept in touch with the Association which she and Lady Barton, wife of the former British Minister to Abyssinia, founded through wives of the Rases (chiefs) who came out with the Emperor to live at Khartoum.

Princess Tsahai spent her years of exile training to be a nurse to help her people throw off the chains of the aggressor.

The motto of the Ethiopian Women, which the ambulance unit has adopted, is a Biblical quotation from St. Matthew, and refers to the Queen of Sheba.

The design of the badge embodies Empress Menen's crown with a picture of the Queen of Sheba inset in the centre of a Coptic cross.

Margaret Last, who is accompanying Princess Tsahai, married Dr. Last, formerly of Booleroo Centre, Adelaide.

He is the doctor in charge of the unit, and has already gone out to establish hospital bases.

Princess Tsahai, who now speaks perfect English, was responsible for the choice of the Australian doctor and his wife for this first unit to go out and help the Abyssinian people.

The Princess, who is a most cultured young woman, told me of something they both have in common. It's old scores to wipe off against the Axis.

"The moment I met Margaret and Raymond Last I knew they had the right spirit for our country, and when I heard how they'd been torpedoed and the way they both tended the wounded and dying in the lifeboats in which they tossed about in the North Sea I knew they'd be able to stand up to the rigorous conditions which we'll have to undergo," said Princess Tsahai.

"I have nearly completed my training, and all the Rases' wives in Khartoum have undergone Red Cross training, so we'll be able to teach the women of Ethiopia first-aid work."

Princess Tsahai has a charming smile and a well-modulated voice.

She's slight, with very regular features and a flash of even white teeth when she smiles.

Though training as a nurse at Ormonde Street Hospital for Children (where the Princess Royal trained during the 1914-18 war) and Guy's Hospital, the Princess has had several seasons in London since she arrived in England.

Princess Tsahai hopes to be able to get an air ambulance as well as the motorised units which will ply up and down the now famous Gonda Road.

"We'll have to get an air ambulance built outside England, and we're hoping our motorised units will be driven by English women who'll work in close co-operation with the Ethiopian Women's Association," she said.

"Our women became adept at making hospital supplies in the Italo-Abyssinian War.

"Don't you think it is wonderful that an Australian doctor should be the first to go out and join Haile Selassie, my father?" the Princess asked me enthusiastically.

"Now his Australian wife is coming out with me, and with the co-operation of our own women, who will be learning through the Rases' wives to do simpler hospital work, we'll lay the foundations in Abyssinia of good medical services, which will be extended once our country is liberated."

THE EMPRESS MENEN, wife of Haile Selassie of Abyssinia, who through her years of exile has fostered the Association of Ethiopian Women so that the women of Abyssinia may help in the work of freeing their country from Italian domination.

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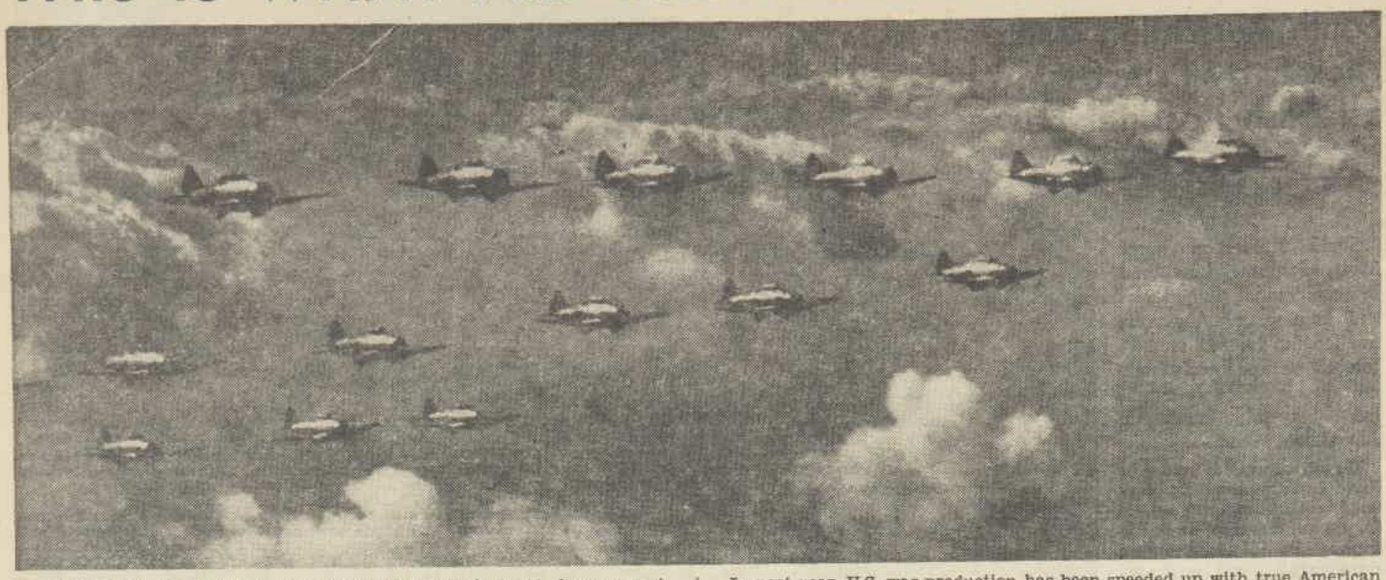
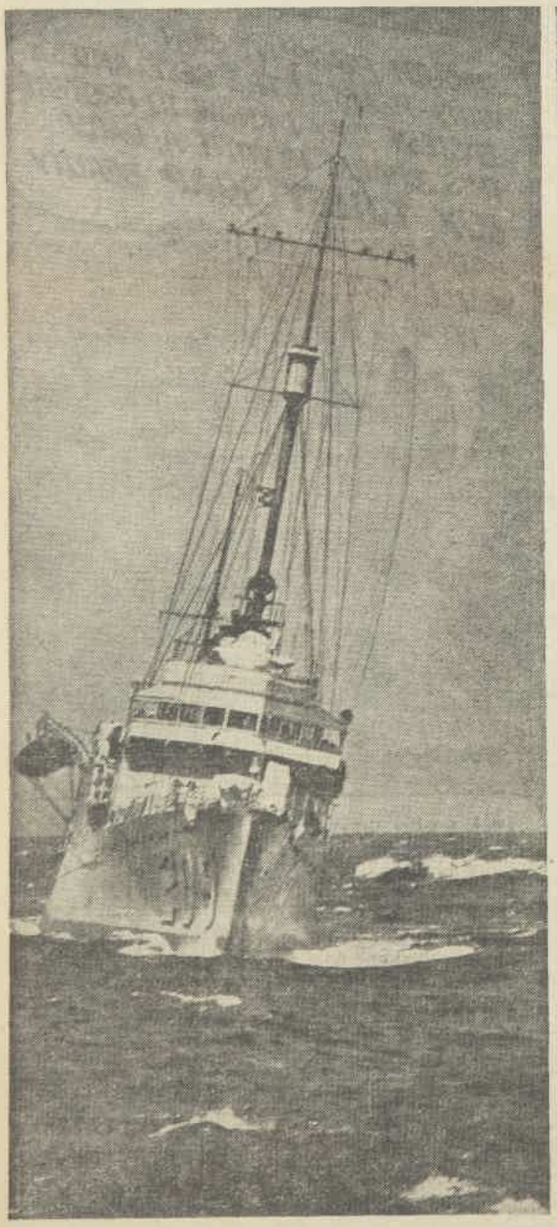
THIS IS WHAT AID BILL MEANS TO BRITAIN



AMERICAN WAR PLANES wing into Canada on their way to become part of Britain's fighting forces. Long-debated Lease or Lend Bill just finalised in Washington means colossal war supplies will be released to Britain. In past year, U.S. war production has been speeded up with true American hustle. New factories are springing up, old ones being converted to defence needs. Their products will pour out to Greece and China as well.



FAST U.S. DESTROYER. Britain has had 50 of these. U.S. may now supply torpedo-boats and submarine-chasers for use against submarines and any Nazi invasion fleet.

ENDLESS LOAD of old tanks on way to Canada. New ones will follow.

SCENE at Watervliet arsenal, only U.S. plant turning out famous 16-inch and 14-inch cannon for army and navy. Plant works 24 hours a day. Britain can count on that.

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THIS IS THE MAN WHO PUT IT THROUGH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT referees a struggle between two of his grandchildren in an off-duty moment at the White House. President regards his Lease or Lend Bill as an assurance that American children will be spared war. The President has now almost dictatorial powers. But his noted characteristic is belief in the will of the people. Always one step ahead of popular opinion, he waits for it to catch up with him before he acts.

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MRS YATES (OF SYDNEY) SAYS

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ADDRESS .....

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. W.W. 22/3/41.

Forever and a Day

SARA CRANE emerged from the bathroom into the empty cabin and wondered how she should occupy this extra day. Lewis, faithful to his promise, had disappeared before she woke, so she had not to consider his wishes now or in the future.

"But I'm right," thought Sara Crane, as she went over, for the hundredth time, her case against her husband.

They had been married five years, and for the last three they had been drifting—how hackneyed, but how true a phrase!—steadily apart. The trip to Europe, taken as a last resort, had ended in complete failure because Lewis fretted all the while to be back at his work.

So they were making the break, and the first result was a queerly empty cabin and twelve empty hours to fill.

"I'll go up on deck," thought Sara Crane. "There'll be no one about in the fog."

. . . . . .

The boat-deck was not so completely deserted as Pamela had hoped, despite the fog. She bumped into a good-looking young man whom she had often noticed dancing with Mrs. Brocard.

He was leaning over the rail staring down towards the sea, and after he had steadied her and accepted her apologies Pamela felt it only polite to pause and lean a moment beside him.

"You wouldn't think, would you, that anyone could feel ill in a flat calm like this?" he said.

"No, I shouldn't," agreed Pamela. "Though Mr. Crane didn't seem very well either."

The young man, who was in fact poor Derek, looked at her with increasing interest.

"Crane? Isn't he at the doctor's table?"

"So am I," said Pamela.

"That's where Helen—Mrs. Brocard—sits," said poor Derek. He looked at Pamela again, and appeared to be struck by a pleasing idea. "I say—would you mind awfully going down to her cabin and finding out how she is?"

"Yes, I should," said Pamela.

"But why——?"

"Because we've sat at the same table for six days and she's never spoken a single word to me. But if it's any help, I saw her breakfast-tray go in."

"Then—you don't think she's ill at all?"

"No," said Pamela. "I think she just feels like everyone else that this extra day is a sort of depressing anti-climax, so she's staying in bed to cover it. She's awfully clever."

"She's wonderful," said poor Derek. He looked so miserable that Pamela began to repent.

"Listen," she said. "I'm being a cat. I think Mrs. Brocard's terribly attractive, and I'm just envious because I'm not attractive myself."

"Oh, you're all right," rejoined poor Derek absently. "But why won't she see me? After such a perfect time together——"

"Perhaps," suggested Pamela, "she'd feel it too much. I mean the—*er*—parting."

He brightened. "You really think so? Of course, I know we must part, because she's got a husband in New York—and she's so wonderfully loyal to him that every time I—I mean, every time I talked to her, she felt quite unhappy about it. That's why she seemed to encourage that Williams brute, just to stop me from getting too serious."

"Did she tell you that herself?"

"Of course. She's so wonderfully frank, almost like a child. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, except that I must talk to someone. And I know you should never mention a woman's name, but I can't help it. It's going to be so terrible trying to forget her."

"Terrible," echoed Pamela.

The young man nodded. A wave of sympathy passed between them. All around the fog gently rolled.

"Why don't we go below," suggested the young man, "and get a drink? By the way—my name's Cartwright."

"Mine's Whitelaw," said Pamela.

On the steps going down they had to stand aside to let a woman come up. She was Mrs. Crane, but neither of them recognised her.

. . . . . .

The score was game to Mr. Moore, and five-ten.

"Your serve," panted Henry.

The ball caught the edge of the table and shot off at an angle impossible to take.

"Eleven-five," said Mr. Moore.

Then Henry deliberately sent over a sky-lark, a pat-ball, that dropped just beyond the net. Mr. Moore whanged down at it, and his bat crashed on the table . . .

"Six," gasped Henry. "Mr. Moore, it's best out of five games . . ."

. . . . . .

On the boat-deck it was very still.

Susan Crane shivered. The deck under her feet, the rail under her hand, felt wet; she moved forward uncertainly: the man and the girl—surely the girl from the doctor's table?—had of course gone down; but ahead of her she caught a glimpse of another figure. In the fog all things were uncertain; but the figure—had she really seen it?—appeared masculine, and the bare head was the shape of Lewis'. Sara moved forward again, then turned and crossed to the starboard rail: if the man were making a circuit of the deck, she would thus see him again as he returned. To see him was somehow important.

But the man did not return. Sara stood and waited. She looked up: the dim bulk of a lifeboat showed above her head. The railing did not reach quite to its keel, there was a narrow gap through which a person could just pass.

Incautiously, her high heels slipping on the deck, Sara Crane began to run forward; and a second later, as though by a trick of the fog, her place at the railing's end was filled by a masculine figure with a bared head.

. . . . .

"WHO'S that?" called Mrs. Brocard.

"The stewardess, madam."

Mrs Brocard slipped out of bed and took the radiogram the stewardess offered.

"Oh," said Mrs. Brocard. She glanced again at the radio, and smiled brightly. "This is from my husband, stewardess. He's meeting me at New York, so you can imagine what this delay means to him!"

"And to you, too, madam," said the stewardess politely.

She closed the door and returned to her seat in the corridor. Beside it, waiting for her, stood one of the stewards. The tray in his hand bore a pool of coffee, two empty cups, and a sodden envelope.

"Look at that!" he lamented. "Billy-doo from my Mr. Williams to your Mrs. Brocard. A fool barged slap into me, and what I'm to do now I can't think."

"Mrs. Brocard won't want it," she said. "She's just heard from her husband. She's got enough to think of without this rubbish."

But Mrs. Brocard's thoughts were not wholly pleasant.

"Sorry cannot wait longer," her husband had wired. "Business in Milwaukee back in two weeks you stay with Aunt Mary for lands sake no smuggling remember last time best love.—Alfred."

. . . . . .

The score was two games all and eleven-nine, Mr. Moore leading. But Henry had discovered a new serve. He won the next five points straight off, and with the score at eleven-fourteen crouched desperate and resolute to meet Mr. Moore's attack. For about the sixth time the beautiful blonde came out to look at them.

"Darling, haven't you finished yet?"

"No," snapped Mr. Moore. "Don't stand just there, darling, you put me off my stroke."

"Have it again," panted Henry magnanimously.

"No!" snapped Mr. Moore; and sent over an absolute winner.

The score was twelve-fourteen.

. . . . . .

"I'm lost," thought Sara Crane.

It was absurd: to be lost in the narrow, familiar compass of the boat-deck! It was absurd, it was impossible, but it was also frightening. Because she couldn't find him.

Continued from page 3

She had seen him, and now she couldn't find him. The fog was so thick, anything might happen in a fog like that.

For the first time in an hour the ship moved with a long plunge; Mrs. Crane staggered, lost her balance, and at that moment saw a figure running towards her, slipping and swaying, reaching out an arm to catch her as she fell.

"Sara!" said Lewis Crane.

"What is it?" she asked stupidly.

"Sara . . . I thought you'd gone overboard . . ."

Because she had found him, she could hold up her chin, and smile, and think like a rational woman.

"My dear, if you imagine I can't face life without you——"

He caught her by the shoulders and shook her.

"Don't be a fool! I didn't think that for a moment. I thought you'd slipped, or fainted. And I thought you'd gone."

"I have—gone. So far as you're concerned."

"I know that. But so long as you're somewhere, alive, it isn't so bad. And for heaven's sake keep away from that rail: it's darn dangerous. Why are you up here at all? Wandering about in this fog . . ."

For a long moment she hesitated between truth and pride. But in the last half-hour pride had taken a beating.

"For the same stupid reason, darling. I came up here, and then I thought I saw you, and I thought you'd gone overboard."

He gripped the rail in both hands. "What were you going to do if I had?"

"What were you?"

"Jump after, of course."

Suddenly she began to laugh, holding on to his coat.

"Lewis, darling, what a pair of fools we'd have looked—swimming round after each other in this darned fog! Lewis, darling——"

"You're hysterical," he said. "Come down and get warm and then look at me again."

. . . . .

Henry slipped the pencil into his pocket and shrugged nonchalantly.

"Fair," he said. "We both made mistakes . . ."

But his heart sang. His fingers caressed the prize. His friend the doctor offered congratulations and a drink.

"All right," said Henry. "Can I have it in the bar?"

Quite a number of people were there before them: Mr. Williams, in an advanced state of intoxication. Mr. Moore and his blonde, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, and Pamela Whitelaw with young Cartwright. The Cranes had their heads together over a radiogram, Pamela and Derek appeared to be exchanging addresses; but what chiefly caught the doctor's attention about these last four was the fact that they all had dirty faces.

"Been out in the fog?" he called. "What's it like?"

No one answered. No one had heard. They were all too self-absorbed. The doctor looked round for Mrs. Brocard, but Mrs. Brocard at that moment was sulkily but sensibly engaged in packing all contraband articles into one suitcase. By a curious reversal of fortune, she was now the only person from the doctor's table who did not feel thoroughly satisfied with the results of the six-days trip.

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The WAY BACK

Continuing our engrossing serial

By . . PHYLLIS HAMBLEDON

Madly, Nicole began running along the cliff, in the wake of the sinister figure.

DESPISING himself as a nervous wreck after being invalided out of the navy, COMMANDER BURTON HARWOOD breaks off his engagement to lovely NICOLE FROME; but he later recovers his health, enters the Naval Intelligence Department, and is sent to Fleeting to investigate the movements of RACHEL and MAURICE CURTIS, suspected Fifth Columnists.

Nicole, meanwhile, seeking to console herself, also goes to stay at Fleeting with SIR ALEXANDER ("SANDY") BRYANT and his aunt. A chance meeting with Burton kindles her hopes of changing his attitude, but, in his enforced role of suitor to Rachel, Burton rebuffs her, so she promises to marry Sandy, not realising that pretty young HELEN NAIRN, the local doctor's daughter, is genuinely in love with him.

Skilfully spying on the Curtis' when SCHELDT, their German leader, visits them, Burton collects a little evidence against them. Later, visiting the house, he sees that Rachel is obviously anxious to get rid of him when the telephone rings. He pretends to leave, then creeps back and listens to her telephone conversation.

NOW READ ON.

"WEATHER report not too good," Rachel was saying.

That was odd, to begin with. There were no weather reports these days, and the barometer was dead settled, anyway.

Burton crept nearer, but now Rachel's voice had sunk. He heard nothing but a sibilant murmur, then the sharp click as the receiver was replaced. A second later she came out of the study so quickly that he had only just time to draw back into the shadow of the porch. If she had turned towards the front door she could not have failed to discover him.

But she didn't. She went out the back way into the garden. He had a glimpse of her face, excited, tense, somehow horrible. The little kittenish thing who ran away from bombs had gone as if she had never been. This woman would welcome them, if they killed her enemies. He heard her calling:

"Maurice, Maurice."

Maurice, Burton knew, had been busy all day painting a boat down in the boat-house. It was a pleasant, peaceful and distinctly unsuspicious occupation.

For the moment Burton had the house to himself. It was now or never, he thought. There was need of haste. If there were only something definite to report to his chief at the Admiralty; if there were only a way of rounding these two up! He'd searched all the coves, and found nothing. No big ship could have landed. And he'd pretty well excluded the possibility of the place being used as a submarine base.

That phrase, "level fields," he had overheard had got him no farther. The fields looked flat, but perfectly innocent. A cowshed was the only object of interest and that was a malodorous place used as a depository for manure.

There remained the cellars. There was a possibility that in the past Seaways had belonged to smugglers, as so many houses in the neighborhood undoubtedly had. In which case there might be a secret way out on to the shore. Already he'd made up his mind to take the opportunity to look for this. Now was his chance.

He crept lightly towards the cellar steps. A baize door separated them from the rest of the house. He pushed it back. It was at that moment that Maurice appeared by way of the front door.

He, too, had heard the telephone, and had hurried in from the boat-house. For a split second he saw Burton as much off his guard as Rachel had been. The feckless neurotic had gone. Here was somebody keen, purposeful, alert.

"What are you doing there?" he asked sharply.

There wasn't much that Burton could say on the spur of the moment. He had, in fact, been caught red-handed.

"I thought I saw Rachel going down here," he lied. "As a matter of fact she was babbling about sherry, and it struck me as a good idea."

"We keep it in the butler's pantry," said Maurice. "Has anybody answered the phone?"

"Rachel did, just as I was going," said Burton. "She asked me to stay for dinner and I said I wouldn't. And then I thought I would. But I shan't after all—now! Sorry if you imagine I was breaking into your cellar!"

He walked towards the door with an offended dignity. Maurice looked after him. Then he went into the garden. Rachel, having found the boat-house empty, was just returning.

"The phone went," he said.

"Yes. It was Scheldt. They are sending another consignment tonight by boat."

"It's much safer the other way."

"I don't know. They're pretty snappy at the listening posts. I prefer the sea."

"Well, that little commander of yours is smelling a rat! I caught him on the point of investigating the cellar."

Rachel's eyes narrowed, until they were no more than pin points.

"You're sure?"

He told her what had happened. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, he suspects us, of course, but if he had got into the cellar he would not have found anything."

"He probably isn't the fool he looks."

"Probably not, but he would need a good hour at least, and even then he might not hit on anything. You worry too much, Maurice! I can deal with him!"

She put on the wireless. "There'll Always Be An England," somebody was singing.

"What optimism," sneered Rachel. "But how beautifully patriotic!"

That was the worst of her, thought Maurice. She wouldn't take things seriously. Because Scheldt liked kissing her hand, she thought she had him in the palm of it. She didn't realise that he could be very dangerous. She had never seen the hooded snake in the jungle, seemingly inert, then striking with lightning precision. Maurice had. He never saw Scheldt without remembering. Kill Harwood! he had commanded. If he looks like interfering—kill him.

FROM the window, Maurice could see Burton on his homeward way, walking leisurely, pausing occasionally to examine ships on a distant horizon. Soon he would reach the dangerous cleft known as Devil's Gully, where the rock suddenly narrowed and where below the waves churned in ceaseless fury. There was just time.

Maurice had a loaded revolver in his desk. Unseen by his sister he slipped it into his pocket.

. . . . . .

At the doctor's, Nicole was saying good-bye to Helen.

"It may be a long time before I see you again. My leave is up. I start at the Casualty Post again on Monday!"

"But you'll be coming back before long?"

"I expect so, and I'll write. It's good to know you'll be here after Sandy and I are married!"

"I mayn't be. I suppose I'll have to look for a job in the great wide world outside!" said Helen.

Because I simply couldn't stand seeing you two about, she was thinking. Because nowadays one doesn't wilt, but just snaps out of it, and finds somebody else.

"You'll meet somebody and marry him!" said Nicole.

"Perhaps, when I've quite got over my tiresome School Prefect ways!" said Helen. "I believe I owe Commander Harwood something for pointing out my deficiencies!"

"I wouldn't worry about him, if I were you!"

"I don't!" said Helen.

I don't, either, thought Nicole, and went off pleased with herself. She had heard Helen talking of Burton and had not flinched. Yes, I'm Burton-proof, she told herself—inoculated! It's Sandy now, Sandy doing a man's work, in danger. Burton cracked. Sandy won't! He's of the fibre that goes right through to the end.

What is Burton now, anyhow, but a moody creature growing potatoes on the top of a cliff, indulging in vapors and useless remorses? He had a way with him and I loved him. But I don't now. I'm almost sure that I don't. I'm cured. And if I can never feel for Sandy as I felt for him, well, all the better! It hurts too vilely.

She was in the mood for a walk. She had heard the six o'clock news with Helen. There was an hour and a half before dinner. The heat-wave that was to be one of the minor surprises of this extraordinary year was beginning.

Nicole paused on the cliffside looking out to sea, and along the coast. Behind her was the village, its church spire rising from a dark shadow of yew trees, the grey walls of the cottages bright with hanging bushes of fuchsia. Then came that ugly house, Seaways. Beyond it Burton's crooked chimney, and after that just rock and tall cliffs.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

Please turn to page 38

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of **Orlex Compound**, and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THEY came slowly over the sand dunes, a little party of four, but they made no effort to wade to the waiting launch. They sat down, and the shadows began to hide them away bit by bit. And then one of them came down to the edge of the sea and took water in his two hands and carried it back.

Mr. Beddoes said, "Someone's hurt there, boy. They can't make it. You'll have to take them a line. There's one in the locker. I looked."

Moore stripped off his turtle-necked jumper and his trousers and dived in, the rope in his teeth. The sea was cool and lovely about him. It was like swimming through a dark opal. If the weather had been rough, he thought suddenly, if the weather had been rough! That was the sort of thing you just didn't think about.

Fantastic Armada

When they saw him coming, a man came staggering out. He was too tired to speak clearly, but he pointed to the beach. Moore followed him to where the wounded man lay. A tough little Scotsman, he helped Moore knot the line about him, and staggered gamely to the water's edge. Three times the boy swam back with the line. When they had the last man on board there wasn't a ship in sight.

"We'll just have to get along back under our own steam," said Mr. Beddoes. For a moment the gunfire had stopped. Their voices, when they spoke, sounded curiously loud. It was now quite dark, the stars like bright brass nails holding up the tent of the sky.

"Will you find your way?" asked Moore, uncertainly. He was shivering a little, huddling back into his clothes.

"I'd smell my way back to England if you set me down in mid-Atlantic. I'd wait for the stars to come out, and then I'd set a course by a star."

The soldiers slept where they had fallen. The wounded man was laid in the cabin. He was light-headed. He sang "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

"I'll be in Scotland afore ye," he warbled thinly. And the motor checked suddenly, and spluttered. Then it died out. Moore stared at the gauges. They had forgotten all about the gauges. The petrol tank was empty. Mr. Beddoes swore. He called the Pocahontas a few choice names.

"GIVE me sail any day," said Mr. Beddoes. "If there was any way I could rig a sail I'd make land in no time. The Lord sends the wind, but it's often the dickens of a job to lay your hand to a can of petrol . . ."

They lay black on a sea that the rising moon had turned to a sheet of dark brass, and suddenly in Moore's heart the fear that had kept away all through that gruelling day pounced. He could see the shattered Pocahontas, with her broken cabin and splintered sides, her windows gone, her bird's-eye maple so much matchwood. Water and blood stained the carpets and cushions, and the gaily-painted basket chairs had long since gone overboard to

Continued from page 5

make room for more soldiers. Even if the American had gone away, someone was bound to come after the boat sooner or later, and Moore had no idea what would happen then. And what would his mother say when she saw his clothes? His trousers were soaking wet, torn and bloodstained, and somehow part of a sleeve had got ripped from his turtle-neck jersey.

Life looked suddenly black. Too black even to be cheered by Mr. Beddoes, singing in the stern.

He never knew where the plane came from. They never saw it until with a sudden roar it was on top of them, spraying them with machine-gun fire, as they lay there helpless in their disabled launch. You heard the bullets splintering the decks. You saw them making silver fountains all around.

It made Moore so angry he didn't know what to do. His fingers clenched with rage, and clenched unexpectedly about Mr. Beddoes' contraband gun, lying there on the seat still hidden in Mr. Beddoes' oilskins. Moore picked it up, clenching his teeth. He heard Mr. Beddoes say:

"Look out, Moore, boy. He'll be back." And then he heard him say, "Coming over your way, the buttercup!" and the plane was there again. It came so low that Moore closed his eyes and ducked. He thought it was going to knock the heads right off them. He heard the bullets zipping all round them. He heard the splintering of wood, and the darkness seemed lit with silken stars. Then from his heart everything went but cold rage. He swung Mr. Beddoes' old gun.

"Coming down your way!" yelled Mr. Beddoes. "Look out, boy! Look out!"

Then the roar and the splutter of Mr. Beddoes' gun drowned everything else. Moore clenched his teeth and kept his gun on the plane. It swerved suddenly and started to mount. Then the incredible happened. Petrol streamed from it, blazing, like the tail of a comet.

"You got him. You hit him in the tank, boy," yelled Mr. Beddoes. "The buttercup! The proper buttercups!"

MOORE stood with the gun in his hand, staring at the blazing mass that hurtled through the sky. Oh, Lucifer, he thought. Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou fallen! The old words ran through his head, and then were swamped by a fearful elation. Ships were out of date, were they? Planes were the thing! For once his mother was wrong. Ships were the thing. Little ships, battered and broken, and laden right down.

In the cabin the Scotsman cheered faintly but persistently.

"Play up, Scotland! Give it to 'em. Let 'em have it."

Moore slumped suddenly. He fell against the sleeping soldier next to him, and the man awoke and caught him.

"Blime!" he said. "He's nobbut a kid."

"You hit, Moore?" asked Mr. Beddoes, stumbling aft, anxiously. "You hit, boy?"

Moore didn't hear him.

. . . . . .

"Boy hero of Kent," said the headlines. "Heroic exploit of Wintonsea youth." The photograph was one his mother had never cared for, on account of his hair not lying straight.

Please turn to page 16

You get full value for your money with every packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Only pre-selected crops of the choicest white Australian corn go into Kellogg's Corn Flakes—and all the extra nourishment and energy value from that corn goes straight into your family's tummies.

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WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—How about a whirlwind tour of Australia, for a start? Most northerly of the towns below is

Rockhampton — Alice Springs — Charlotte Waters — Marble Bar — Brisbane.

2—To take up his new post of Ambassador to Washington, Lord Halifax travelled to America on Britain's largest battleship—that is to say, on H.M.S.

Hood—King George V—Nelson —Queen Elizabeth—Renown.

3—Maybe we shouldn't give away the cook's secrets, but you make caramel by

Roasting coconut mixed with sugar — boiling fruit juice to a very high temperature — grating toffee — burning sugar.

4—"A little learning is a dangerous thing"—that is, according to the poet

Browning — Milton — Shakespeare — Dryden — Pope.

5—This'll test your observation. Keeping your eyes glued on this question only—don't look up—state that the correct name of our magazine is

Women's Weekly — Woman's Weekly — The Australian Woman's Weekly — The Australian Women's Weekly.

6—Excellent news a couple of weeks ago of the safe arrival in Britain of another big detachment of Canadian troops. Total number of troops sent by Canada to the last war was approximately

361,000 — 411,000 — 472,000 — 325,000 — 298,000.

7—The colored part of the eye is called the

Pupil — cornea — iris — retina — sclerotic.

8—Yes, there IS a flower called the viola, but the sort of viola that you meet in an orchestra is

A stringed instrument—a tenor trombone — a woodwind instrument — wooden, with a brass mouthpiece.

9—St. Patrick's Day fell on Monday of this week, March 17. Now the cross of St. Patrick, which is part of the Union Jack, is

Diagonal red on a white ground —diagonal white on a blue ground—white on a red ground.

10—You've heard of England's hips and haws. They are actually

Wild elderberries — fruit of the dog rose — elm-tree berries — fruit of the hawthorn.

Answers on page 16

Itchy SKIN RASH disappears

READ HOW THIS COOL SOOTHING OINTMENT RELIEVED A WOMAN'S SKIN TROUBLE AFTER TRYING COUNTLESS REMEDIES IN VAIN.

"About a month ago my skin broke out in a rash and was that itchy and sore I did not know what to do. I tried countless things of no avail. Then I rubbed Rexona well into my face and you would not believe the relief I felt. Now after two tins of Rexona my skin has not a blemish on it." (Miss. N. Killingly, Adamstown, Newcastle).

No matter what you have tried without success for that humiliating skin trouble—just try Rexona Ointment once. The healing properties in this King of Ointments will soothe the itch and will wipe away the ugly red rash as if by magic, leaving your skin smooth and clear. Rexona Ointment has behind it a record of 25 years of proved success throughout Australasia.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE. NOW!

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9½d. per tablet. *(City and Suburbs).*

O.J.31a

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, a new, improved powder sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Softer Hair

Prettier tones

The Camilatone Beauty Routine is the quick way to sparkling hair loveliness. First it cleanses the hair thoroughly with Camilatone — the gentlest and safest of all shampoos, then it enriches the colour with Tonrinz. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6½d. each. Separate Tonrinz at 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

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Out of Step

by PADDY WATTS

Illustrated by NOEL COOK

LINDA'S first thought when she saw David lounging in the chair all nicely scrubbed, naval uniform immaculate, was: This is wrong. I should be the one to be looking cool and beautiful. Instead, I'm dog-tired, and my hair is in wisps.

But she found herself going to him with outstretched hands, saying, "David, oh, David!"

A few minutes later, one arm still around her, he tilted up her chin, studying her with a concerned look. "You're thinner, darling. Much thinner than when I went away."

"I'm all right," Linda countered lightly. "It has been a day, though! One volunteer sick and then an ambulance had to develop rumbles in its innards. I was just coming away when I was asked to meet a late train." Suddenly she gripped the lapels of David's coat and looked up at him with tired but happy eyes. "I can't believe you are really here at last," she whispered.

His tanned face creased into laughter lines. "But I am! And I'm going to be around for quite a time. Six months' special training. Not actually here in town, but at a little place on the west coast. How's that?"

Then without waiting for her to reply he caught her close, murmuring, "I'm worried about this hospital work of yours, darling. Been overdoing it, haven't you?"

Linda gave an exasperated sigh. "Mother has been talking, I can see. You shouldn't believe all she says. I had to do something to fill up my time when you went away. I can drive pretty well, so I volunteered as an ambulance driver."

"And you like it?"

"Yes, very much," she said quietly.

It was not easy to put into words just how she felt about her war work. It had been like moving into another world. Ever since she had left school an idle life had been thrust upon her by her mother's oft-repeated chant: "You can't think of going out to business, Linda. Ever since your father died I have looked forward to the time when you would be a real companion to me." In the face of this, and not a few tears, Linda had not bothered to strike out a life for herself.

Suddenly she remembered his news. "Tell me all about this training course."

His hand caressed hers. "I have a nice spell of leave, then for about six months shall be at the depot at Farleigh. And guess what! A pal of mine on board owns a cottage about five miles inland that he has been anxious to let for the duration."

"And you are thinking of taking it—for us?"

"Not thinking," he corrected. "I have actually leased it. Think of it, darling! We can take up life where we had to drop it at the outbreak of war. We can have our cottage after all, even if it is only for a while."

She knew a moment of horror. "A cottage in the country!"

"I knew you would be thrilled," he said triumphantly. "When I saw a photograph of the place I thought: Linda can have the kind of home she has always wanted. She can hang her pretty curtains, play around with pots and pans, and I can potter about doing odd jobs there in my free time."

He smiled at her happily and went on: "The cottage is a nice little four-roomed place, but it needs a bit of repairing. Shall we run down tomorrow and have a look at it? You could get busy with a tape measure while I see what odd jobs have to be done."

He was so keen about it that she felt a pang of shame because she could not call up a similar enthusiasm. He had come home expecting to find her still embroidering pillow-slips, dreaming of love in a cottage. It wasn't his fault that she had changed during the months he had been away. That the kind of life they had once planned so eagerly did not now attract her.

She turned towards him, meaning to try to put her thoughts into words, but found she hadn't the heart to do it. Instead she put her arms swiftly about his neck. "Of course I'm glad," she said.

. . . . . .

The station nearest to Rose Cottage was one of the wayside variety. One porter. One small gate. One bed of geraniums. One train a day. That meant they would have to stay the night at the local inn and return to town next day.

They set off at a brisk pace, arm in arm. When Linda stumbled for the second time David said in surprise, "We're out of step, darling! That's strange. You used to take two to my one. You must have developed a longer stride."

She glanced down at her neatly brogued feet. Yes, she had learned to walk more briskly and her stride was now almost as long as David's — but not quite. That was why they were out of step. She tried to shorten the span, thinking wryly that this was but an outer sign of the inner adjustments she would have to make to keep in step with David.

When war sprawled across the face of the world it was often the menfolk who developed fresh ideas, a different outlook to bewilder the women who stayed at home. But David had not changed. He was still the home-lover she had always known him to be, happiest when he had a paint brush or gardening fork in his hand. She was the one who found it difficult now to fasten her mind on such things.

The key of the cottage had been left with some people living about half a mile away. "Our nearest neighbors," David explained. "Dan says they are nice folk, an elderly man and his daughter. Good to have decent people near."

As they approached the house Linda saw a girl in the garden. She wore a gay Hungarian pinafore, and her hair was kept in place with a bright ribbon. A little pang of regret shot through Linda for those spacious, lazy days when she had time for such pleasant bits of nonsense.

"Oh, you must be our new neighbors," exclaimed the girl. "Dan Crosby told us you would be calling. Do come in."

The sight of her seemed to have robbed David, temporarily, of the use of his tongue, so Linda said briskly, "I believe you have the keys of Rose Cottage, Miss . . ."

"My name is Burridge. Cherry Burridge. But do come in."

No wonder David looked a bit dazed, Linda thought with some amusement, as they followed Miss Burridge up the path. She was as nice a looking bit of femininity as any man could wish to see. They passed into the house through a large stone-floored kitchen where jam was cooling in open pans.

Cherry apologised. "Do excuse the mess. My baking day."

Linda's heart seemed to sink a little lower with every step she took into this cool, attractive house. Dainty muslin at the windows. Gleaming stove full of pots and pans. A cat purring contentedly on the hearth. She thought resentfully: It isn't fair to have such competition close at hand. David with his "home" complex will soon be noting points, comparing.

Cherry introduced them to her father, a plump, friendly little man, and insisted on them staying to tea.

"Oh, you must be our new neighbors," exclaimed the girl.

There were home-made scones. Home-made jam and cake. David simply gorged.

When they rose to go Cherry said eagerly, "Now you will make use of me if there is anything I can do, won't you?"

Mr. Burridge added, "Just send for Cherry. She knows all there is to know about getting a house in order."

For a moment Linda suspected him of sarcasm, but his eyes, blinking a little, seemed innocent enough.

. . . . . .

Linda sat on the top of the steps measuring the living-room window at the cottage. Their one night at the inn had lengthened to five. David had found so much to do that he said that it was absurd to go back to town yet. Much better stay and get things shipshape first.

He had been sawing wood for extra shelves and poking around the roof. But he was not working now, for Cherry had just lodged her bicycle against the gate and had come into the garden. David had downed tools to talk to Cherry quite a lot during the last few days.

That is the kind of girl he ought to be marrying, Linda thought soberly. I'm not playing fair with him.

She had honestly tried to recapture her old enthusiasm for domestic things. Had tried to make herself believe that this out-of-the-way cottage would be a paradise for them. But she had failed dismally.

Cherry was mounting her bicycle now and with a wave to David was off down the lane. He sauntered into the living-room and threw a square white envelope up into Linda's lap. "The old postman gave it to me to save climbing the hill to the inn. How are you getting on with your measuring?"

She gave a guilty start. Sitting on the top of the steps dangling a tape measure in her hand was not "getting on" at all. She avoided admitting this by tearing open her letter. It was from her C.O. and was short and to the point.

"I know you have only just started your holiday but, if possible, could you come back for a day or two? Another driver has gone sick and we need help badly. Report to me on arrival."

A feeling of exhilaration swept over her, but she tried not to let David see this as she said a trifle breathlessly: "Would you mind if I went back to town for a bit? They want help at the hospital for a day or two. You—you could stay on here and finish up your jobs."

He pondered over this for a moment. Then: "Sure you don't mind if I stay? It does seem a pity to leave the place in such a mess."

. . . . . .

Three days at the hospital had passed all too swiftly for Linda. She could hardly believe that she was on her way back to Rose Cottage.

She caught an earlier connection at the junction than she had expected and arrived half an hour sooner than the time she had told David in her wire. Naturally he was not at the station. Dropping her case at the inn she walked along to Rose Cottage. He did not seem to be there, either. Opening the door with her key she wandered round the rooms noting the changes since she had left. Leaking tap had been put right. Walls were a soft off-white distemper. Woodwork gleamed.

She turned swiftly as she heard his step on the path. "David, I'm here," she called, "I caught an earlier train." Then as he came into the room she said, "My dear, you've done wonders. It doesn't look the same place."

"I HAVEN'T done this place," he said abruptly. "I turned the work over to the local builder. I've—I've been out a good bit."

"Yes?"

"The day you went to town I went into Farleigh to have a look at the depot and ran into something good. They had just landed a magnetic mine and were taking it to pieces. I joined in and had a most interesting time. I've been over there every day since, picking up useful information, and prowling over the ships. After that, somehow, I just hadn't the patience to bother with this place. Seemed so many more important things to do. These mines, darling . . ."

He was off on a semi-technical description that she could not follow. But she did understand him, perfectly, when he said finally, "So do you mind, darling, if instead of having the cottage we found a furnished place or something at Farleigh, so that I need not waste time getting backwards and forwards? There is so much I can do there. So much to learn."

He could not, of course, understand why his request should make her throw her arms round him. Why she should sob a little into his shoulder. He did not know that he had shown her very clearly that the change that had taken place in her outlook was not a permanent one that might spoil their life together. She had, she now knew, merely fallen into step with the times—a little quicker than he had done. That was all.

Later, still sitting on the stairs, still holding hands, she asked about Cherry.

"Haven't seen much of her. You know, I thought she was a very attractive little person," here he had the grace to blush, "until I went there to tea a day or two ago. Then she started reproaching me for running off and leaving the cottage. She kept on and on and on. Hang it all, she can boss her old man about, but she was not going to start on me!"

The next day they locked up the cottage and gave the agent in Farleigh instructions to sub-let it for them. As Linda latched the gate she sent the little house a wordless good-bye. "One day we will come back to you and give you the care and the love a home deserves. But first there is a war to be won."

Then arm-in-arm she and David swung into step and disappeared down the lane.

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"I DIDN'T MIND THE DISHES -but I did *hate* POTS AND PANS"

That was every woman's reaction when confronted with a forbidding array of dirty pots and pans. But now, thanks to JEX, that drudgery is banished. For JEX quickly disposes of the whole pile, *cleaning and polishing* in one swift action. Because it is made of *specially stranded, springy yet soft steel-wool,* JEX does not injure any surface, but sweeps away the worst encrustations, the grimiest grease, the most stubborn stains, leaving the article as clean and bright as the proverbial new pin. JEX is . . .

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Obtainable at grocers and stores at the cost of a FEW PENCE per packet.

"Jex"

If unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 438 Collins Street, Melbourne.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK - *use "Jex"*

Fantastic Armada

Continued from page 14

By his bedside sat Mr. Beddoes, wearing the suit in which he had buried his wife.

"And then we was picked up by a trawler, Lone Star, and towed in," continued Mr. Beddoes. "And they took you to hospital and I nipped along and told your old girl. You don't need to worry about her, Moore. She's proud of you."

"She is?"

"You read what she said, didn't you?"

Moore nodded. Mrs. Crichton, said the evening paper, interviewed at Ye Olde Bee Hive tearooms about the heroic exploit of her schoolboy son, said, "Moore has always been an adventurous lad, with a great love of ships and the sea, so I am not at all surprised to hear of what he has done."

It just didn't sound natural. And so far no one had said anything about the Pocahontas or how he came by her at all.

As if Mr. Beddoes guessed what was in his mind, he said, "Pretty smashed up, she was. But not a total wreck. They'll patch her up in the shipyards in a brace of shakes."

"Has no one asked anything about her yet?"

Mr. Beddoes said, after the ghost of a pause, "No, Moore. You don't have to worry about that."

When they let him go home at last he arrived at tea-time, and his first thought was that there was a wedding. There were cars all down the lane, and Ye Olde Bee Hive tearooms hadn't an umbrella vacant. His mother's face was brighter than he'd seen it for years.

"We've been packed out ever since it happened, Moore. People just come along to see the place you came from, and hear all about it. It's been like the good old days. It'll tide us over now, whatever happens. Oh, Moore, to think of you never knowing your arm was broken."

He followed her down the garden, kicking a pebble, but she never said anything about it. He felt shy and awkward, and far more frightened, seeing the crowds, than he had been when the plane came.

Later, when they sat alone over supper, she said to him, "You know the American, Moore. Well, he wants to see you."

Moore laid down his fork.

"He wants to see me? But I thought he'd gone. Done a bunk."

"It seems it was just a silly Wintonsea tale. He'd gone to London sudden like to have his appendix out, and that was all. He came back the day you went. The silly stories that go about a place like this," said Mrs. Crichton piously. "People should be ashamed to repeat them. You can't believe the half of what you hear in Wintonsea. It appears he isn't mad, either. Just a foreigner, which people don't altogether understand."

She said sharply, "You're not going out, Moore. Not late as this, when you're just out of hospital."

"I've got to get it over," he said. "I stole his boat. I want to know what he's going to do."

He went in to the old Coastguards' cottages by the gate this time. The lupins' bright hues had burned themselves out. Tall white lilies filled the borders. The American was sitting on the wooden verandah in his rocking-chair, wearing shirt sleeves and his old panama. He might never have moved. His hands had the thin bony look, the hands a man gets when he is ill.

"I'm Moore Crichton, sir." He swallowed hard. "The boy who took your boat."

The American turned and grinned at him. He was not an angry man. Little wrinkles ran from the corners of his eyes like rays from the setting sun. He came over and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The excuses he had thought of all faded from Moore's mind.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said unsteadily.

"What are you sorry about?" asked the American. "Come right off it! You may not know it, but you've probably saved my life, too, Moore. That's what the doctor'll say. For I came tearing down here as soon as I got hold of the newspapers and saw what was happening, and read the appeal for small boats. They said I wasn't to come, but I came just the same. It was in my mind to take the Pocahontas over myself. You did what I was going to do myself, maybe a deal better.

"I'm only a poor Yankee. I didn't have a gangster's gun all handy, and maybe I wouldn't have been able to hit anything with it, if I had."

Then Moore was so near crying that he had to walk away and take a look out to sea from the wooden verandah.

"I haven't taken so much pleasure in anything, not in years, Moore. She earned her keep, the Pocahontas, didn't she?"

Then he gave Moore a glass of wine to drink to the health of the little-ship men, and he had to hear all about it, and that wasn't easy to Moore, who wasn't like Mr. Beddoes, good at telling a tale.

"Mr. Beddoes 'ud tell you better," said Moore.

"Mr. Beddoes has already told me," said the American. "Come along down with me," he said, and he put his hand on Moore's good shoulder and steered him to the boathouse.

A chokiness constricted Moore's throat. He thought of the lovely ship she had been. Proud and white like a swan, gliding noiselessly through the saltings. Then he thought of her as he had seen her last, splintered and broken, her cabin carried away, her carpets afloat, and water everywhere, and blood. He wished he needn't see her again. A broken ship is a sad thing to those who love ships. Then he stopped short.

The American opened the boathouse. There was the Pocahontas in all her glory, white and smart as she had ever been, the paint on her hardly dry. There was a new name now on the side of her in smart brass letters, The Crichton Lad.

"I had her fixed up in the yards," said the American. "I got some of my old men back on to her. It happens I'm in the shipbuilding trade myself. They've made a dandy job of it, Moore, wouldn't you say? She runs as well as ever she did. Boats, like women, can stand more than you'd think."

Moore couldn't speak. He had a feeling this was a moment in life that would never come again. He wanted to make it last, standing there looking at the boat with his name on its side, and knowing nothing was going to happen to him for taking it off without asking.

He had been wrong about that being his loveliest moment. His loveliest moment was still to come.

"Your name, on your boat," said the American. "A boat that can handle a boat the way you can ought to have one. You're set on going into the shipyards, they tell me. Well, that's very interesting. Come right along back with me, Moore, and we'll have a talk."

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The answer is—

1—Marble Bar.
2—King George V.
3—Burning sugar.
4—Pope.
5—The Australian Women's Weekly.
6—411,000.
7—Iris.
8—A stringed instrument.
9—Diagonal red on a white ground.
10—Hips, the fruit of the dog rose. Haws, the fruit of the hawthorn.

Questions on page 14

RIDING FOR A FALL — but he recovered in time

An exclusive ingredient to help protect you

It's the exclusive health ingredient in Lifebuoy that neutralises the elements that cause offending. That's why you feel refreshed, glowing, sure of yourself after a Lifebuoy bath. Get a cake today and put "B.O." right out of your life! You get a generous cake for your money.

LIFEBUOY *its clean fragrance vanishes ... its protection remains*

A LEVER PRODUCT

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How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows that Way

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** (full strength) at any chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a harmless, yet most powerful germicide, so a bottle lasts a very long time.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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HE who laughs LASTS

"There are an awful lot of men who don't want to get married."
"Why, have you asked them?"

"No, dear, we can't go to the seaside. We must think of all these bills we owe."
"But can't we think of them just as well down there?"

DEALER: It's a rattling good car, sir! Sound in every part.
PROSPECTIVE BUYER: So I hear, old man.

BIGGS: I just love the sea.
HIGGS: But you never go to sea.
BIGGS: No, but my wife does.

"Did you notice her hair?"

How attractive it is. Glossy, thick—admired by all . . . "lucky girl," they say! But it's not just luck . . . it's careful attention, plus the magic of vitalising CRYSTOLIS treatment.

If your hair is dull and lifeless, or flaked with dandruff, if dead hairs come out when you brush . . . don't shrug and think you're just unlucky.

Act *now* to give it rich, glowing lustre . . . and begin massaging fragrant Crystolis *Rapid* into your scalp to-night. Tingling, deep-penetrating *Crystolis* acts three ways to beautify your hair . . . it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth.

Enjoy seeing your hair rich and abundant, silky-clean and neat — gleaming with new, fashionable sheen. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Crystolis *Rapid* to-day.

CRYSTOLIS *Rapid*

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"THE house is on fire. Be quick and dress, Maria."
"Which dress shall I put on? What color goes best with the flames?"

HE was at a fountain-pen counter making a purchase.
"You see," he said, "I am buying this for my fiancee."
"A surprise, eh?"
"I'll say so. She's expecting a car."

"SMITH seems to go to the office much more frequently of late."
"Yes; his doctor said it was necessary for him to have something to take his mind off his golf."

SMALL BOY (to farmer lifting sack of potatoes): Can I help?
Farmer: What could you do?
Small Boy: I could grunt while you lifted.

"I HOPE you will dance with me to-night, Mr. Jones."
"Oh, of course. I hope you don't think I came here merely for pleasure."

"MY wife talks to herself."
"So does mine, but she doesn't realise it. She thinks I'm listening."

"I HOPE you're not worrying about that £10 you owe me?"
"No. What's the use of both of us worrying?"

'worth a guinea a box'

Beecham's Pills

For a ripe old age!

Today there are millions of happy, healthy people who have found Beecham's Pills to be the secret of life-long fitness. Why don't you adopt the Golden Rule of Health and take Beecham's Pills to keep free from everyday ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable; gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them from today!

Obtainable everywhere.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

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An Editorial

MARCH 22, 1941

THE WISDOM OF A STILL TONGUE

THE censor is an unpopular fellow sometimes, especially when there are interesting and intriguing gaps in the letters you receive from men of the A.I.F.

"Now why did he do that?" is sometimes asked. "I know as well as he does that Bill is going to Egypt, or Singapore, or whatever the destination happens to be."

Here is the answer: The censor's job is to see that Bill arrives safely at his destination, and that no word of his transport or where it is going reaches the enemy.

After almost two years of war it should be unnecessary to remind ourselves that the enemy listens.

A thoughtless word overheard may launch a torpedo against a troopship.

It's futile to say it can't happen here.

Officers on the German raider responsible for the sinking of the Rangitane in the Pacific and other ships boasted of their knowledge — claimed they knew to the last carcase of lamb what food the ship carried.

If that's a thought to make us shudder it's also a reminder that we have a job to do in the war—we absolutely must hold our tongues.

Here is some sound advice on the matter taken from warnings issued from time to time by the Defence authorities.

Don't ask your soldier son, husband, or sweetheart anything about transport movements.

Encourage soldiers going abroad to keep silent on vital information, ports of call, and other details.

Discourage code messages. They are easily decoded by the authorities and only delay your letters.

Remember a still tongue on troop movements can be as potent as cannon in winning the war.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers names to be published.

Leading-Telegraphist J. E. Mann, of the R.A.N., to his aunt, Mrs. J. J. Foote, North Adelaide:

"I WAS ashore one day and a native sweet-seller came along. He had a basketful of awful concoctions, but he also had peanuts. So after the usual haggling we fixed on a price.

"He put some peanuts on one side of a pair of balance type scales, and for weights on the other side he had pebbles of all different shapes and sizes. Primitive, eh?"

✣ ✣ ✣

From Pte. E. J. Bawden in England to his mother in Dubbo, N.S.W.:

"LAST Sunday a chap driving a most luxurious car picked two of us up and took us for a long drive through the most picturesque country I have ever seen.

"We travelled through New Forest, Dorsetshire, and Hampshire, 130 miles in all.

"Around one estate we saw a brick wall six miles long and six to eight feet high, with big gates at intervals all the way round.

"We saw the Isle of Wight in the distance. It was really a wonderful trip.

"I wish we could get this job over and return to Aussie. When we meet in Sydney won't we paint it red!"

✣ ✣ ✣

Corporal Ron Seymour to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Seymour, of 6 Lewisham St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.:

"I CAN hear Dad saying that I should write more often. But hold hard, old chap, this is quite different from your show. No worse, mind you; in fact not as bad, I think. But not being in trenches and dugouts it is impossible to write with bombers hovering over you and sand and dust nearly blinding you half the time.

"During the attack on Tobruk myself and the remains of my section were cut off from our company and we were conducting a little private war with about 30 Dagoes. They gave it up and waved their issue white flags. We commandeered a Dago truck then and got rid of them by giving them to our military police to mind.

"Our next worry was to find somewhere to sleep, and we struck it lucky, as we found an underground dugout with three beds in it and some lovely white blankets. One of my chaps went out to scrounge and returned with a chicken. Fancy finding a chicken in the Western Desert!

"As luck would have it we found what later turned out to be an officers' mess and kitchen. We got a stove going by burning a couple of chairs, and roasted that chook in olive oil in double quick time. We finished that off with coffee made with condensed milk kindly lent by Musso for the occasion.

"We then retired to our dugout and regaled ourselves with claret, also lent by our mutual pal, Musso.

"The next morning I was greeted with a cup of steaming hot coffee and told to get out of bed at the double if I wanted any breakfast. We had fish in olive oil, mushrooms and tomatoes in tins.

"We got in our truck with yours truly at the wheel and set off to find the battalion. They were nearly eight miles farther on.

"I nearly forgot to tell you that we got a portable sewing-machine in a case and presented it to the colonel with Musso's compliments to be used by our battalion tailor. The 'Old Man' was tickled pink about it, too."

✣ ✣ ✣

Sergeant W. L. Hallam in Palestine to his family in Alpha, Qld.:

"TO-DAY several of us had a look over the local native village.

"We saw the water-wheel, worked by a camel, which brings up the local water supply from a deep well. The native said it was built when there was war between 'the Roumies and Arabic.'

"We were a little disconcerted for a while, but when I asked the year and mentioned the name of Saladin, he said, 'Yes, 1330!'

"If this is correct, it is over six hundred years old.

"'Tiny' Edwards (a 6ft. 4in. lad) was an object of extreme interest.

"We met the head man, who was one of the few clean men. With his rather noble features and long white beard he looked like one of the prophets.

"He had a stick with a metre marked on it. He started to measure 'Tiny.' The stick came up to his eyes for the 2-metre mark, whereupon 'Tiny' was cheered by the local lads. We then had our photographs taken with the chief."

Winnie the War Winner

"There, I told you I could train a seal!"

Sister Ratcliff to her mother in Launceston, Tas.:

"ONE Sunday I went with Marjorie and some of the nurses to the Catholic Church in Gaza. It is an Arab church in charge of the dearest old Arab priest.

"The service was conducted by an army chaplain, but it was partly in Arabic. After it was over we went upstairs to the priest's sitting-room and had coffee.

"The coffee in this country is Turkish, bitter and black, and you know how I love coffee at any time.

"But, of course, one does not refuse, so I sat down and drank the stuff with a smile of supposed pleasure on my face.

"In the afternoon we went for a run in the car, called at an Arab village.

"After we had drunk their coffee and smoked Turkish cigarettes we rose to go. But they all talked at once, and we gathered that they were bringing something special.

"Presently out it came. Two little flat cups, like a child's teaset, and a little brass urn. The black liquid was poured into these cups and handed to Marjorie and me.

"We were told this was extra special coffee, drunk by the Bedouin Arabs to make them strong. It was scented, and smelled rather nice, but, oh, the taste—it was bitter as gall. I don't think even our childhood hatred of castor oil could beat this.

"But the Arabs were all watching our faces to see what we thought, so we smiled for the sake of home and honor of our country, and passed such remarks as appeared suitable.

"I couldn't come at a lie, though, and say, 'How nice!' So I compromised by saying, 'How different to ours.'"

✣ ✣ ✣

Pte. E. J. McDonald to his mother in Inglewood, Qld.:

"I HAVE seen quite a lot of England since we arrived, and also part of Scotland, where I put in a fortnight when we landed —convalescing after mumps.

"I put in a day at Glencoe, when I visited the place where the Campbells massacred the McDonald clan, also spent a day sightseeing through Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond and back along the Clyde to Glasgow.

"I liked the Scotch people. They have a wonderful sense of humor, and seem to like the jokes about themselves better than about anyone else.

"As for the Scotch people being mean, I don't think you would find a more generous people anywhere.

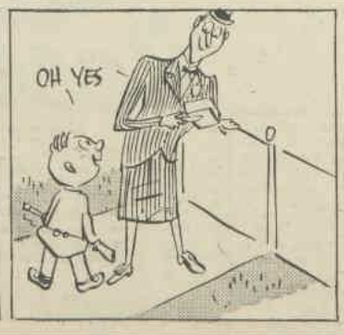
"Another chap and I were about the first two Australians to walk along the streets of Glasgow in uniform since the last war.

"We were the centre of interest wherever we went—were said to be foreigners, cowboys, Canadians and everything but Australians.

"The slouch hats took their eyes, and in no time the kids were on us for souvenirs and foreign coins. By the time we had gone a block or two we had nearly every kid in the town following us.

"We started off by giving them Australian pennies, then our badges, till they got too hot by asking for our hats and colorpatches. We then came to the conclusion that we'd better act the part of foreigners and pretend not to understand English."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*



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GINGER goes dancing . . . and MAL gets tears in his eyes

Theme song from "The Invisible Man" upsets orchestra

By MAL VERCO and GINGER
Australia's famous entertainers

Every time I go dancing now I go dancing with tears in my eyes.

And so would you—if you had to put up with Ginger falling over your tails and piling up in your pumps . . . or something.

WHETHER it's tripping the light fantastic or just tripping, Ginger takes the bun. I'll give a cheque for £5 (signed by Ginger) to anyone who can show me how to avoid the little drip at any dance.

But let me master my indignation, and tell you how it all got this way. I mean, how I got this way, about Ginger being that way about dancing.

I was getting ready for a dance when Ginger burst in on me at the critical moment when the natty evening tie is to be or not to be. "It won't cost you a cent to let me come, Mal," he said, with a glitter in his eye. "I can get in on the invitation of a friend."

"Where's the friend?" I asked cautiously.

"Who? . . . Oh . . . him?" said Ginger . . . "he's home looking for his invitation!"

So I threw him into bed and sneaked off to the charity ball. It was one of those shows where everyone strikes a pose and gets all social.

I started out well, but it was not to be. Half-way through the second dance I heard a commotion. With instinct bred of years of association with Ginger, I fled for our box where I crouched under the table and waited for the worst. I got it.

Ginger came whizzing into the thick of it. "Lo, lo, lo, lo, lo!" he bawled. "C'n ya hear me, Mister Verco?"

I nodded dumbly, looking at what used to be my other evening trousers. He had them on, but they were cut off at the knees, so that they just dragged over the floor. The tails! Ah, me! The tails were tied in a granny knot behind him.

"Naheece to see you heah!" I said, in a frigid voice.

But you simply can't cold-shoulder Ginger. "Lissen, Malsie, don't get that way about yer other suit," he pleaded in a voice which made those in the Vice-Regal box linger over their lorgnettes, "I found the ticket and went round to Uncle's. I swopped it for your banjo. I had to do SOMETHING, didn't I?"

Just then the music started, and I made off. Ginger seized a girl, too, and bullocking through the crush called to me . . . "Crook orchestra, Malsie." He gave a confident twitch to my cutdown evening pants, and added, "Let's go tell 'em off!"

I tried hard to head him off, but he beat me by three swooning couples. The deed was done. And by the way the orchestra leader waved his arms it was obvious that Ginger had been frank, if not courteous, about the music.

"O.K., Bud," said the maestro in a menacing voice . . . "YOU lead the boys . . . g'orn . . . LEAD 'EM!"

"No trouble," said Ginger, hitching up the remnants of my pants, and re-tying the bow in the tails.

Leaping to the pedestal, he lifted both hands. The orchestra was silent—dumb as a drum with a hole in it.

He lifted his hands again. Still no sound. But Ginger was not abashed. "How's that, eh?" he turned to the audience.

"And what was THAT tune?" snapped the orchestra leader.

"Theme song from 'The Invisible Man'" said Ginger, twirling the baton and smirking.

"And now we'll do the Post Office dance," he yelled . . . "just do a lotta stamping, and you'll be O.K.," he sniggered.

Hurried exit

WITH a strangled cry, the orchestra leader raced off to the manager's office and brought back a little codger with a moustache spiked like a cactus and a shiny toupee.

"DESIST!" he shouted, as Ginger grabbed the piano-accordion and began to tweak it. "You can't play that instrument."

"Can't I just play an accordion . . . can't I just," said Ginger, drawing out one of those low notes.

"Gloop!" said the manager, (I remember that gloop distinctly), and up sprang a couple of flunkeys. They advanced on Ginger and shot him across the floor into the stilly night.

With a sigh that would have made a crocodile envious, I settled down to enjoy a Gingerless evening. (Believe me, when they actually happen, Gingerless evenings are good). But, just as I began to expand again, I heard a voice at my elbow. It was the half-panted, knotted-tailed one.

"Where've you been?" I asked, in a hopeless voice.

"Out showing a lass some new steps," he said, in a hoarse voice.

The Ginger Gallop created a riot.

"You've been a long time!" I said, with forced joviality, "a very long time . . . those steps must have been hard."

"No," said Ginger, tripping up the orchestra leader as he walked past, "the steps were not hard at all. We took the cushions from your car with us."

The children will cheer when you give them your own home-made ice cream, made simply by mixing Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream and then freezing.

Hansen's home-made ice cream is pure, wholesome and easy to digest because you know just what goes into it. Order a supply from your grocer to-day!

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FOOD FOR MUSCLE BONE AND NERVES

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Your wish to feed your baby is deeply right. No food is as good for your baby as your milk. And to take baby to your breast, to give the little body it first nourishment, is a great joy to you.

Take Ovaltine every day before your baby arrives, and afterwards. Ovaltine will increase and enrich your milk and you will pass on to baby good food to build a sturdy little frame, food to make him strong and contented, food to form his tiny muscles, food to make a true Australian of him!

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Dad Washing Tablets wash clothes whiter, brighter than ever before without effort, without work.

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Sleepless Nights?

Worry? Nerve Strain?

You need these New Concentrated Nerve-Strengthening *Tablets*.

Sleepless people **should know** there is only one sure way to end the misery of sleepless nights due to strain and worry. That is to get at the *cause* of this trouble—run-down, jumpy nerves. Drugs only dope the system temporarily—make matters worse in the long run. What you need is a short course of **Phosphorated Iron** to build up nerve strength.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic ingredients concentrated in easy-to-take *tablets*. It restores, calms and strengthens weak, irritable nerves—quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Soon you'll feel stronger, eat better, enjoy refreshing sleep at night.

Decide now to build up *your* nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist today for **Phosphorated Iron.**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★★ ESCAPE

(Week's Best Release)

Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor. (MGM.)

HERE is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's adaptation of the best-seller by Ethel Vance, which was serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly.

In its new form, "Escape" is just as exciting, just as packed with high suspense—for it follows the original story with thrilling fidelity.

It takes its watchers right through the breathless efforts of young American Mark Preysing to free his actress-mother from concentration camp and smuggle her out of Nazi Germany.

Robert Taylor's role of Mark Preysing is the best that he has ever had, and he gives his finest performance. Norma Shearer as the Countess who befriends Mark is lovely and very moving.

The stars are, however, overshadowed by the character players. From Conrad Veidt's General to Felix Bressart's Fritz; from Nazimova's poignant Emmy Ritter to Philip Dorn's Dr. Ditten, they are all magnificently true to the tense atmosphere of the book.

Philip Dorn is a young Dutchman whose arresting personality and rugged good looks should quickly make him a star.

"Escape" was directed by Mervyn Le Roy, who handles with taut skill its mixture of adventure, sheer thrills, and romance. No matter how well you know the story, the film is still grand entertainment.—St. James; showing.

★★ CONTRABAND

Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson. (British.)

AN English-made spy melodrama of wartime London, "Contraband" has an unusually absorbing theme.

For its hero (Conrad Veidt) is a Danish sea captain, master of a freighter which is taking a cargo of medical supplies to Denmark. In the English Channel he is halted by British contraband officials.

Responsible to the British authorities for his passengers, Veidt follows two fugitives from his boat to London.

He catches up with one of them, the lovely Valerie Hobson, and the pair become involved in a grim conspiracy of German agents.

London in the midst of a blackout is the interesting background for most of the exciting action in this film. It is quite a change to see Veidt in the sympathetic role of the dignified sea captain.—State; showing.

★★ A DISPATCH FROM REUTERS

Edward G. Robinson, Edna Best, Eddie Albert. (Warners.)

REUTER'S world-wide news agency was founded by a young bank clerk named Julius Reuter, whose fascinating life story is the subject of this Warners film.

His adventures, from the time he established a "pigeon post" until his vindication by British Parliament, offer humor as well as interest, and some scenes of great excitement.

Livelier than the general run of biographical films, "A Dispatch From Reuters" shows Edward G. Robinson in the title role. He has a definite love story, shared by Edna Best, and the proposal scene should give ideas to many another romantic young man.

Most of the material in the plot is factual. On the fiction side goes the delightfully dry performance of Eddie Albert, as Reuter's irresponsible assistant, and the work of old Albert Basserman, as the clerk in the "pigeon post."

The news-gathering theme gives a topical fillip to a highly interesting film—which does not forget a stirring plea for the freedom of the Press, and which allows Edward G. Robinson many lighter scenes.—Embassy; showing.

★★ LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Mary Martin. (Paramount.)

AMERICAN radio listeners are familiar with the radio "feud" conducted through their weekly sessions by comedians Jack Benny and Fred Allen.

Paramount has capitalised on this feud to show Benny and Allen in a series of wisecracking quarrel scenes which are, on the whole, amusing.

The film itself is flimsy in plot. The comedians, of course, play themselves. Mary Martin plays Allen's niece, who wishes to reconcile the pair, and whose romance with Benny is only lightly sketched.

Mary, who wears some lovely clothes, sings "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," the risque ditty which first brought her to Hollywood's notice.

Negro comedian Rochester is given a generous amount of the fun, and nearly runs away with the show.

"Love Thy Neighbor" can be summed up as only the lightest of entertainment; in fact, a farce accompanied by one or two decorative tunes.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ SOUTH OF SUEZ

George Brent, Brenda Marshall. (Warners.)

"SOUTH OF SUEZ" is a wildly improbable yarn set in African diamond mining country.

George Brent, young mining engineer, is employed by avaricious German mine - owner (George Tobias) whose wife (Lee Patrick) desperately tries to make Brent fall in love with her.

Brent then takes a job with Tobias' drink-sodden rival (Miles Mander) and the pair discover a diamond known as the "Star of Africa." The greedy Tobias kills Mander to gain possession of this treasure, then, with the help of revengeful Lee Patrick, pins the guilt on Brent. This unfortunate young man escapes through the jungle to Cairo, then ships to London to face a trial for murder.

The cast is far better than the story. In addition to the principals, you have Eric Blore as a Cockney, "Limey," James Stephenson as English police inspector, and Cecil Kellaway in a "bit" role.—Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Great Dictator.** Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 13th week.

★★★ **The Letter.** Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 6th week.

★★ **Pride and Prejudice.** Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in vivid comedy. Liberty, 12th week.

★★ **Return of Frank James.** Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney in technicolor sequel to "Jesse James." Regent, 3rd week.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

LANKY, 32-year-old James Stewart has joined the U.S. Army. His studio, MGM, has given him a year's leave.

Last October Stewart was called up in the first draft, but was turned down by Army doctors because he was under weight.

Then he went on holiday, ate fattening foods, and took plenty of exercise. Now he has passed his medical tests.

For his work in "The Philadelphia Story," Stewart won the 1940 Motion Picture Academy Award for the best male acting of the year.

* * *

JAN KIEPURA and his wife, Marta Eggerth, recently returned to Hollywood, bringing with them all their worldly wealth—in ten suitcases.

When Kiepura was in America six years ago he owned more than £300,000 worth of property in Poland.

* * *

JEFFREY LYNN, who has played so many nice young men that you can almost see the halo, gets a chance to "go off the rails" in his latest picture, "Trial and Error."

* * *

THAT attractive English actor, James Stephenson, who played the lawyer in "The Letter," is being considered for the male lead in Bette's next film.

This will be another drama entitled "The Widow of Devil's Island," and it deals with a wife who goes to Devil's Island to join her husband, imprisoned for a crime she had committed.

* * *

BEN HECHT has just sold Alexander Korda an exciting story entitled "Forbidden City." It describes present-day occupied Paris.

Korda has already begun casting the film and will begin shooting at an early date. His wife, the actress Merle Oberon, will not be in it.

* * *

THIS year Miriam Hopkins is the victim of the "Harvard Lampoon." This college paper annually lists the year's "worsts," in the opinion of the undergraduates.

Last year Ann Sheridan won the distinction of being the No. 1 Worst. Now the "Lampoon" declares Miriam Hopkins the woman they would hate most to be with on a desert island.

Miriam retorts that the Harvard boys were astute in making their choice. She hates desert islands; and she prefers older men to college students.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY was the guest of Gary Cooper during his stay in Hollywood. Before starting on his trip to the Orient, the famous author stopped in the film capital in order to register his preferences for the casting of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Gary Cooper, of course, is his choice for the part of Robert Jordan. As for the girl, Maria, Hemingway thinks Annabella would be splendid. He also likes Ingrid Bergman.

Precious Charm

To guard your feminine charm, use only a long-lasting perspiration check—one that will not wash off in the bath, that will not fail you in hot weather, during nervous excitement or exercise.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It safely and surely checks underarm perspiration. It is not *quicker* to use, but it is *surer*. It comes in two strengths: Regular and Instant.

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Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 46 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

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CONQUERS ASTHMA Mendaco

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★ AMAZING ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound Ends Needless Suffering Every Month . . .

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to *Myzone* for better relief of period pain. For *Myzone's* own *actevin* (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry . . . let *Myzone* bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe; and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try *Myzone* with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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America chooses British themes

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

THIS year every studio in Hollywood is going ahead with plans for making films in America with British themes and British backgrounds.

This new trend is just another indication of American sympathy with the Empire.

These films, adventure stories and dramas, deal with the war over England, early British history, and modern English characters.

The army, navy, air force, and the civilian defence figure in the war films.

The heroism of the Royal Air Force is the subject of United Artists' drama, "Landfall," and of Warners' "The Flight Patrol." Warners are testing Dennis Morgan and Humphrey Bogart for important roles in this film.

"The Battle of Britain" will be made within the next few months with newcomer Mary Anderson as its star.

A story of the defence of Britain, ending with the evacuation from Dunkirk, is on sale in Hollywood at the moment, under the title of "These Are the Lads."

The women of England's fighting forces have not been forgotten, for Fox is planning to make a film entitled "Red Cross Nurse."

Americans in R.A.F.

IN "The Eagle Flies Again" you have the exploits of America's own wartime heroes, those young U.S. aviators who have joined up with the R.A.F. and are fighting over England.

Most of this film will be shot in Canada. The studio is seeking permission from the authorities at Ottawa to use Canadian war planes.

London has already agreed to let Fox include in its production certain films made of air fights over the Channel between the R.A.F. and the Nazis.

American civil pilot Henry King is directing the film, which will star Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, and Betty Grable.

The whole industry is taking a keen interest in "Let the Rafters Ring," the war funds film which the British colony will make in Hollywood.

After ten months of preparation, it is ready to go into production.

English playwright Robert Sherwood has just completed his work on the scenario, to which Aldous Huxley, C. F. Forrestor (of Captain Horatio Hornblow fame), and Alma Reville have contributed.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, veteran English actor, has just been named to produce the film, under the guidance of a board of directors which includes the brilliant Alfred Hitchcock, Victor Saville, and Herbert Wilcox.

The story is a cavalcade of British courage. It deals with a London house and the family which inhabited it from 1700 to the present day.

Romantic dramas and thrillers will employ a large number of British actors domiciled here.

A London society wastrel who becomes a war hero is portrayed by English John Loder in Fox's "Scotland Yard." The famous detective force plays a big part in its adventure.

Other British players, Edmund Gwenn, Henry Wilcoxon, Heather Thatcher, and Leyland Hodgson play supporting roles in the film.

An adventure of 1941, "One Night in Lisbon," was written by the English author, John van Druten, and despite its title is set mainly in London.

Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll (who returned from Europe to appear in this film) are the stars. Edmund Gwenn, John Loder, and Dame May Whitty have important roles.

This current enthusiasm for British themes is especially directed towards stories of Empire which can be easily filmed either in the States or in Canada.

Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hudson's Bay," a saga of the great Canadian fur-trapping company in the seventeenth century, was filmed in the Canadian snow country round Quebec.

Muni as Canadian

PAUL MUNI stars as the pioneer trapper, Radisson, while Gene Tierney has a fictional role as a girl who romances with an English lord —played by John Sutton.

Last year Gene was signed by Fox to play the leading feminine role in an adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's best-selling novel, "How Green Was My Valley"—another film with a British background. It deals with Welsh miners. But producer Darryl Zanuck, who had planned to film it partly in Wales itself, has postponed production until later on this year. Owing to the war it will probably be made entirely in America.

The lives of two great Englishmen of the past are being made into films. Lord Nelson is the hero of Alexander Korda's "Lady Hamilton."

Vivien Leigh, who has the title role, and her husband, Laurence Olivier, who plays Nelson, delayed their departure for England to finish this film.

"The Life of Shakespeare" is to be made by the newly-formed Frank Capra-Robert Riskin independent producing company, which has just completed "Meet John Doe."

A modern biography, the exploits of the late flier Amy Mollison, is being considered by producer Andrew Stone. It is to be called "Woman of the Sky."

Sophisticated modern dramas from the works of famous English writers deal with English life.

Fox has just bought the screen rights to Emlyn Williams' play, "Light of Heart." James Hilton's "Rage in Heaven" is being filmed with Swedish Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery, and George Sanders, while an adaptation of Noel Coward's "To-night at 8.30" is already under way at MGM. Shearer is star.

● Attractive Gene Tierney, Twentieth Century-Fox player, is the heroine of "Hudson's Bay," one of the many American films with British themes.

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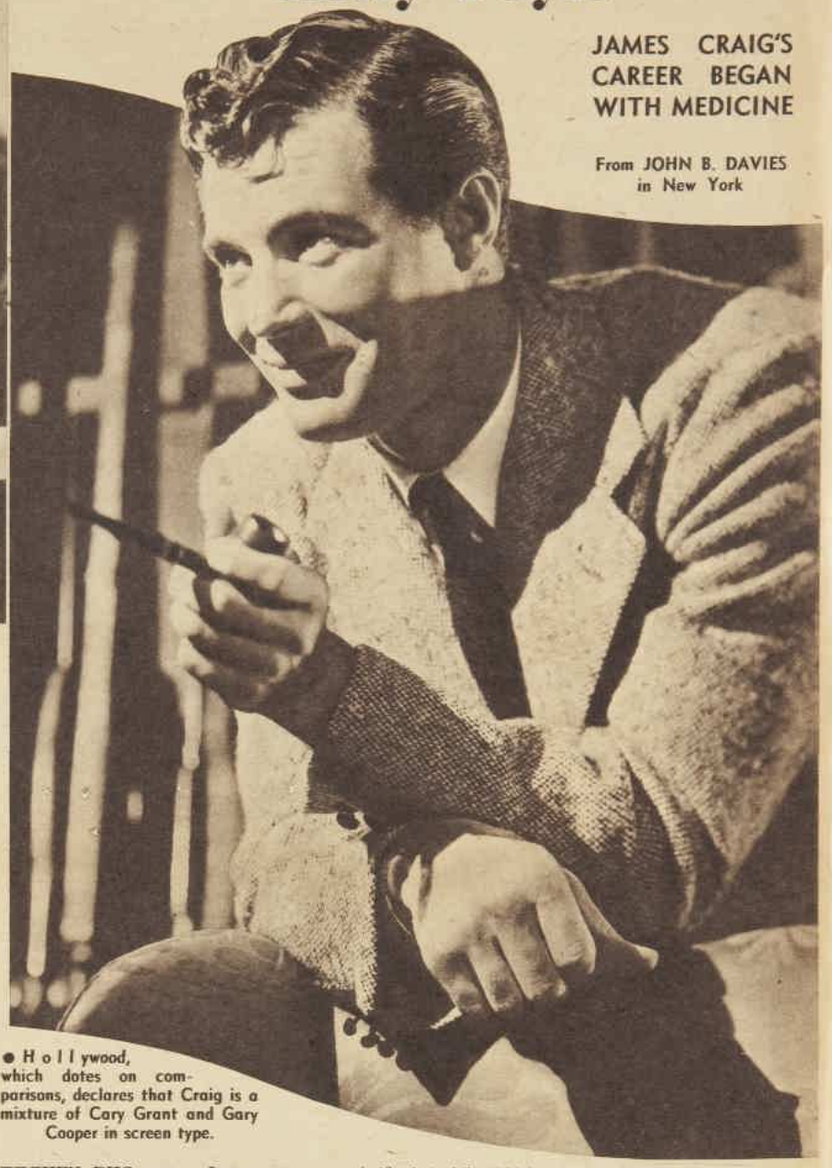
He rises to stardom in "Kitty Foyle"

JAMES CRAIG'S CAREER BEGAN WITH MEDICINE

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

● James Craig, husky athlete, six foot two-and-a-half inches tall, comes from Tennessee.



● Hollywood, which dotes on comparisons, declares that Craig is a mixture of Cary Grant and Gary Cooper in screen type.

WHEN RKO gave James Craig the second lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Kitty Foyle," the film colony doubted the studio's sanity.

What had Craig done? A couple of years as a rider and shot in Westerns, some programme pictures with Columbia—oh, yes, and one New York play, "Missouri Legend." Nothing else.

But RKO knew that in Craig it had the best qualification for stardom—personal appeal.

Tall, rugged, essentially masculine, Craig built up his towering physique as a footballer at college and in professional teams. He nearly became a prizefighter, but the sight of a "slug-nutty" boxer turned him to another career.

Brown-haired, brown-eyed, he got his coloring from his American father, his infectious smile from his English mother, his pleasant Texas drawl from his University days.

Three years of studying medicine gave him a swift sympathy for people, a furious interest in human character, and, incidentally, helped him to make vivid the role of Doctor Mark in "Kitty Foyle."

And one performance at a Texas Little Theatre—playing the gunman in "The Petrified Forest"—gave him a hankering taste for the stage.

When he arrived in Hollywood he had behind him a course in business administration as well. He says today that this course helped him to live for two years on the earnings of a Western extra.

Because he had learned to ride bareback as a child, because he became a good rifle shot while at high school, and, above all, because he looked faintly like a burlier Gary Cooper, Hollywood allowed him nothing but cowboy roles.

Whenever Craig went after a more serious role he was asked, "What stage experience have you had?"

He got so tired of hearing this question that he determined to do something about it. He left California for New York.

There he made the rounds of the booking-offices, got that important role in "Missouri Legend," and was promptly brought back to Hollywood on a Columbia offer.

RKO saw Craig in his Columbia films—and played a hunch. Rather bewildered, the actor found himself with an RKO contract—and then, that all-important role in "Kitty Foyle."

In America, the fan response to Craig has been terrific. Saying "We told you so!" to the other studios, RKO has hurriedly announced that he will be seen with Swedish Signe Hasso in "How to Meet a Man"—and then be Ginger Rogers' one and only leading man in "Week-end for Three."

Craig's own reaction to this swift popularity is characteristic. He thinks he has been extraordinarily lucky.

He and his young wife (who is not an actress) are being cheerfully slow to celebrate their new fortune. But they think they will build a house in the San Fernando Valley. With a grin, Craig adds that they may call their new home Foyle Manor.

Open your eyes wide

(BUT ONLY OPEN YOUR PURSE A LITTLE WAY)

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NOW you can nibble your undie-bills down to almost nothing! Kayser starts a new fashion with "SPARKLES," a bright fancy striped fabric . . . so satin smooth . . . in garments so delightful and lightheartedly graceful . . . Stores everywhere have gone crazy about them. Watch for the special displays.

Out of town

. . . ON BUSINESS

ALICE FAYE, who has gone off on a cross-country tour with her new film, "The Great American Broadcast." Alice will sing her songs at all the leading theatres.

CESAR ROMERO having a quiet time in Victorville, Californian country resort, where Fox sent him to gain weight. Sad result: Cesar's lost another three pounds!

LORETTA YOUNG'S husband, Tom Lewis, in New York. He's left his best friend, John McLain, to conduct Loretta to various parties.

. . . ON PLEASURE

JUDY GARLAND, resting up at Palm Springs with her family. Groucho Marx is also there with his son, Arthur, to see a series of exhibition tennis matches. Arthur's the fan.

DEANNA DURBIN, in Washington for the President's Ball—a very special invitation. George Raft's another one of the lucky few Hollywoodites invited to the ball.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, in Tucson, Arizona, where she is visiting her son. Then she plans to go on to Broadway to do a play there.

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The story of Yardley is a romantic saga of adventure in the arts of peace and war. It is the story of an old English family, whose forbears may be traced back to remote times. The name first appears in documents of Plantagenet days, and again in authentic records of the fourteenth century. A fifteenth-century Yardley was Abbot of Kenilworth, a high church dignitary.

George Yardley, born 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada's defeat, was one of the earliest settlers in America. He sailed as commander of the *Sea Adventure*, Virginia bound, in 1609—ten years before the departure of the *Mayflower*. Blown from her course, battered by sea and wind, the little vessel was wrecked on an uncharted island now known as Bermuda. Providentially saved, the ship's company

built two small boats and reached Jamestown, Virginia, nearly a year after leaving England. Captain Yardley was made Governor and Captain-General of Virginia and knighted by James I. He married Temperance Flowerdew, of a distinguished English family. From the same branch of the Yardley family came the William Yardley who established the firm of Yardley of London in 1770, the year Captain Cook discovered Australia. . . . William Yardley

left the business to his son Charles who, however, devoted most of his energies to soldiering and served under Wellington in the campaign that ended at Waterloo. With the coming of modern times the days of owner-management were over. New men have come in to take a part in guiding the Company's development overseas.

The face of England is changed, but her heart beats more strongly than ever. Despite bombs, blackouts, delays and the inevitable transfer of staff to the fighting services, England delivers the goods. The Yardley lavender fields are harvested, Yardley products leave the factory for the docks, ships carry their message of British culture to the world.

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Hepburn returns in "The Philadelphia Story"

1 **SPOILED** society divorcee Tracy is furious when her ex-husband Dexter unexpectedly turns up at her home.

2 **STILL IN LOVE** with Tracy, Dexter tells her he means to stop her coming marriage to smug, self-made George.

3 **TO FRIGHTEN** George off, Dexter brings reporters Macaulay and Liz, of notorious scandal sheet.

IN MGM's "The Philadelphia Story" the role of the high-spirited society girl, Tracy Lord, is played by Katharine Hepburn.

Tracy's debonair ex-husband, Dexter, is Cary Grant; the journalist, Macaulay, is James Stewart; Tracy's fiance, George, is played by John Howard.

Others in the cast are Ruth Hussey as Liz, the girl photographer, Virginia Weidler as Tracy's sister, Mary Nash as her mother, and Roland Young as her Uncle Willie.

4 **BUT TRACY** is unshaken until Dexter accuses her of being too self-satisfied and aloof, and suggests she should try to be more "human."

5 **ANGRY** with Dexter, but irritated with the complacent George, Tracy dashes off from her pre-wedding party with reporter Macaulay, who has fallen in love with her.

6 **THEIR** midnight swimming expedition, which amuses Dexter, raises George's suspicions.

ACTRESS MADE SHREWD BARGAIN

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who returns to the screen after a two years' absence in "The Philadelphia Story," arranged her own comeback by an astute business stroke.

Hepburn also played the lead in the stage comedy on which the film is based.

Last year while appearing in the play in Boston she bought the screen rights from the author, Philip Barry.

She refused point blank to sell these rights to MGM until the studio agreed to let her repeat her role for the screen.

MGM, however, has no reason to regret this bargain.

In America the film is an outstanding success. It broke all records at the world's largest theatre, Music Hall, Radio City.

At this theatre, which has a seating capacity of 6000, the film ran for six weeks—thus breaking a previous record held by "Rebecca."

Hepburn left Hollywood in 1938 after appearing in a series of rather unsuccessful films.

She made an instant hit in "The Philadelphia Story." It ran on Broadway for over twelve months. Later she went on tour of the States with the production.

She has just returned to Broadway to appear in Philip Barry's latest stage play—as yet untitled.

But she will be back in Hollywood later on this year to star in MGM films.

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Pin tight, flat curls as shown. When dry, comb and roll into place. Then, so that your set will hold, be sure to finish with a touch of a good brilliantine — Atkinson's Brilliantine.

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BUSY PEOPLE...

in lazy moments

● "It wasn't so funny," thinks Deanna Durbin as Robert Benchley shows a rather too hearty appreciation of his own book. But it's all in fun—on the set of Universal's "Nice Girl."

● Above: Ex-cowboy hero Jack Holt shows a trick of the trade to son Tim Holt on an RKO set. At left: Fred MacMurray helps Carolyn Lee and her young stand-in (right) to keep cool on a hot shooting day of "Virginia."

● High-spirited youngsters Jackie Cooper and June Preisser are having fun with the director's loudspeaker between scenes of MGM's "Gallant Sons"—Jackie's first film with a moustache.

Paulette Goddard KNOWS

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Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor pocket-size Rouge Samples and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. **FREE**

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EYES: Blue ☐ Grey ☐ Green ☐ Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Black ☐

HAIR: BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐ LASHES Light ☐ Dark ☐

SKIN: Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐ LIPS Moist ☐ Dry ☐ AGE

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

● Above: Red, white, and blue plaid wool makes this snappy suit with long, double-breasted jacket and pleated skirt. The blue suede collar is matched by a blue suede beret and bag.

+ + +

● Right: Brown leather buttons trim this mustard wool jersey suit, simply made with a long jacket and fitted bias skirt.

+ + +

● Top, centre: Huge pockets in gay plaid and a plaid collar distinguish this sepia-brown angora suit. The hat is of the same material.

● Above: A two-tiered skirt is a novel touch for this dressmaker suit of terracotta wool crepe, buttoning from neck to below the hips. The shirred pockets are effective.

+ + +

● Left: Add a necklace to your suit if you want to be right in the swim. This one matches violet accessories to accompany jacket and skirt of viridian-green wool. Points are finely pleated skirt, gathered pockets.

LONG, MOULDED JACKETS . . . SLINKY SKIRTS

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SMART SLACKERS . . .

• Unusual overall slacks of heavy corded wool fabric in a soft aqua-blue with quaint, buttoned-on front panel.

• Casual cotton suit with royal-blue slacks topped by a purple shirt and pale peppermint-green box jacket. (Top right.)

Ready to Eat IN A JIFFY!

All Ready Cooked for you!

• **SAUSAGES AND VEGETABLES:** Delicious pork and veal sausages, with carrots, potatoes, green peas, lima beans, and barley, with tomato puree.

• **STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING:** Tender steak and fresh kidneys, perfectly cooked in juicy gravy and surrounded by delicious Devonshire Pudding.

• **IRISH STEW:** Full of nourishment.

• **BEEF STEAK PUDDING:** Selected beef steak, rich gravy and Devonshire Pudding.

• **LAMB AND GREEN PEAS:** Tender spring lamb with green peas in rich gravy.

• **SAUSAGES AND TOMATO:** Lightly skinned sausages. Flavoured with tomato.

• **SAUSAGES, SPAGHETTI AND TOMATO.**

• **STEAK AND TOMATO:** Beef steak and tomato puree.

• **FRANKETTES AND TOMATO SAUCE:** Tender baby Frankfurts, cooked in delicious tomato sauce.

ASK YOUR GROCER!

Imperial HOT MEALS

• Tailored one-piece slacksuit in sage-green silk with a striped pattern of tiny beige shells.

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DRESSING FOR DINNER

New York's interpretation of elegant gowns and gay little toppers for informal evenings.

Sketched by PETROV

● Stunning gown of chalk-white crepe with shirtwaist top and front fullness in the skirt. Fiery black paillettes for the raglan sleeves and turned-back collar. (Left.)

● Cunning little turbans to add sparkle and intrigue to the new dinner gowns. At the left, black baku treighted with hyacinths shading from pink to magenta. The other forward-draped model is made of silk surah striped in olive-green, pink, and yellow.

● The long torso-line with full skirt flowing out from below the hipline. Done in cornflower-blue taffeta with band and bolero in purple velvet. (Above.)

● Old-World frock in black silk velvet with modulated long torso and highlighted with yoke and ruffles of delicate white marquisette. (Left.)

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FOR SUPPLENESS and youthful agility. Place your hand down flat and with two fingers of the other hand push the fingers as far apart as possible. Close them by reversing the movement.

Do these exercises for

Lovely Hands

YOUR personality is revealed in your hands even more than it is in your face. Your face may hide a lot but your hands may be a dead give-away in age and occupation if they are neglected. For hand health and beauty do the exercises shown here three times a week.

THESE LOVELY HANDS, graceful, slender, and cared for, belong to Linda Darnell, Fox star. She believes in hand exercises for keeping her hands young and supple, and in careful washing and creaming to preserve skin texture.

ABOVE: To keep the fingers and joints in good shape, and improve circulation, massage each finger separately, using circular movements and beginning at the tips of the fingers. Use a good skin food for massaging.

RIGHT: For slender, graceful wrists, and to prevent vein swelling, massage the wrists in bracelet fashion, as shown here.

NEVER WASH the hands in very hot water, as it dries the skin. Use mild olive oil soap and lukewarm water, and work up a good lather. Rinse in cool water, and finish with hand lotion. At night before going to bed, use skin food instead of hand lotion.

FOR CIRCULATION and supple, graceful fingers do this exercise. Rest the hands on the table and press the tips of your fingers one against the other with as much force as you can. Relax the fingers and repeat several times.

Results of authentic NATIONAL SURVEY conducted among thousands of dentists

IPANA CHOSEN 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE FOR DENTISTS' OWN USE!

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SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

HELP MAKE GUMS FIRMER, TEETH BRIGHTER, WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!

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She was clubbed . . . .

then dragged by the hair to his cave

SHE WAS MADE TO COOK . . . . AND TAUGHT TO LIKE IT

IN the cavalcade of cooking from cave to kitchen there have been boisterous interludes. In the beginning, bashing and baking went together. ¶Then followed eras in which women flogged *themselves* to death with cookery methods which amounted to penal servitude. Next came cauldrons, mighty kettles and back-breaking iron pots. In protest against iron, copper and weighty enamel someone evolved aluminium. ¶But the ultimate had yet to be reached . . . ovenware that was tableware as well — ovenware that not only *simplified* cooking but *beautified* it . . . ovenware of non-cracking, non-crazing PYREX GLASS . . . graceful, practical, economical. ¶Agee Pyrex reaches the highest peak of graceful, economical cookery . . . cookery in glass. It means meals perfectly cooked inside the oven and served piping hot straight from oven to table. It means complete conservation of every rich flavour; every vital food-value. ¶Whether you choose crystal-clear Pyrex or the newer variety in fascinating pastel shades; whether you buy your Pyrex set complete or build it up an item at a time . . . you are bringing new joy to your cooking, new artistry to your table when you adopt this, the most modern of all kitchen equipment.

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F1226. — Dainty frock with puff sleeves and fullness falling from the yoke. 2 to 8 years. Requires: 1¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F1079.—Trimly-tailored autumn coat with extended shoulder-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1081.—Cosy tweed suit with slender jacket and pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¼yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1074. — Sophisticated frock with crossover bodice swathed round the back and ending in a casual tie in front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2¾yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1203.—Crisp cotton evening frock with peppy little bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1224. — Young, full-skirted bolero frock with contrasting blouse. 8 to 14 years. Requires: 3⅛yds. for skirt and bolero, and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

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If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 1 oz. of **Parmint** (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing or has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Encounter with a Ghost

Continued from page 6

STAN'S voice said, "Here we are. Doesn't look very lovely, I admit. But there are lights—a few. And someone is coming now."

A door had opened, and a fat Chinese trotted towards them carrying an oil lamp. Nearer approach showed him grey-haired, his round face puckered with wrinkles. He was palpably anxious to please them, answering all Stan's questions with eager affirmatives. "Want room? Yes, yes, can do. Want dinner? Can do. Come this way, please. So solly elect'ic light not working."

They had entered a big lounge, passed through it towards the stairway. Everything outside the pool of light made by the lamp was shadowy and formless, filled with mystery. She lost count of the rooms they passed before their guide chose a door to open.

"This one can do? Ve'y nice, I think. Good bed, mosquito net." With something like a flourish, their guide set his lamp down on the marble-topped table.

Evelyn looked about her. A large room, crowded with heavy, old-fashioned furniture. Pictures in dim gilt frames, a washstand with flowered bowl and pitcher. No plumbing, of course. No hope of a hot bath. In dismay, she said:

"Oh, Stan, let's take two rooms."

"So solly. No other."

No other room in that big, quiet place? Where were the people, then?

"I get bags now," the Chinese said.

"And how about a little hot water, what's-your-name?" Stan cried.

The fat man turned in the doorway, beaming memory of an old joke. "Englishman name me Ping-Pong. Look like ball, he say, ha-ha. Call me Ping-Pong, can do. You want hot water, can do. Change clothes before dinner, maybe?"

Then one did dress! Evelyn felt vaguely comforted. The place was funny—but all right, if people dressed for dinner. She began to imagine French officers and their wives: Colonial secretaries, consuls, diplomats.

Evelyn found even a basin bath and powdering restful. She combed out her hair, then left the looking-glass to Stan and dressed while he was shaving.

Quite satisfied at length, she went toward the door. "Ready?" she asked across her shoulder. Then her voice changed, growing sharp with fright. "Stan! It's black as pitch out here. Bring the lamp."

"I'll get my torch. Too bad about the lights."

The door swung wider open as she waited, and a patch of yellow lamplight fell on the opposite wall. She saw a broken switch, a tangle of dusty, rusted wires. So solly elect'ic light not working—Ping-pong had said it as if they'd gone out of commission to-day or yesterday. But they must have been like that for months, for years! Those wires would never carry power again.

"I think this place is terrifying!" she murmured when Stan came.

"It's old, that's all. But we're mighty lucky to find it."

"But why are the rooms all full?"

He flashed his light against closed doors. "Oh, they aren't. Ping-Pong just didn't want to bother opening up another."

Lamplight came paicly up the stairs to meet them, and in the lower hall Ping-Pong was waiting. "Eat dinner now? Can do. This way."

A table for two had been set in the big dining-room; there were candles in exquisitely-worked silver holders, a linen cloth, wine glasses.

"Come now," Stan cried heartily, "this is something like."

But Evelyn looked away from that bright oasis to the surrounding shadows. "But where are all the other guests?"

Stan laughed. "I expect they've all had dinner early."

Suddenly Evelyn was shaking with anger, weariness, and fright. She gripped the table, leaning across it towards him. "Stanley, you know there's nobody in this place but us. And it's too big, too quiet. It's—it's ghostlike. And I'm terrified."

"OF the ghosts?" he inquired. "Now listen, Evelyn! You didn't turn a hair two days ago when you really had some cause to."

"But this is weird. I believe it's haunted or something. And we're all alone in it."

"Of course we aren't. There's Ping-Pong here, for one. I suppose you're not afraid of him? And there are others; I've seen some lights here and there. But the fact is, we're the only first-class passengers, as you might say. The only ones who deserve all this elegance and can be expected to pay for it."

"If they think we're so rich, they'll probably murder us in our sleep."

"Sh-h! Here's Ping-Pong."

Fish appeared before them; white wine was poured into glasses. "Solly no soup," the fat man said, and vanished, panting.

"I believe he's the whole works," Stan announced. "Landlord, porter, room boy, cook and waiter. This fish is all right, anyway. Try some."

Evelyn began to eat her fish. Ping-pong came and went, light-footed for all his weight. He took away the fish plates, brought chicken cooked with rice and mushrooms, changed the wine, and murmured that he was solly, no solod. Evelyn was suddenly cheerful, almost gay.

They were drinking coffee—surprisingly bad, considering the excellence of everything else—when the man came again. "One visitor to see master."

"Who on earth!" Stan exclaimed. "Well, bring him in."

"Come this way, please," Ping-Pong said across his shoulder, and a tall Chinese stepped out of the shadows behind him. He wore a gown of silver-grey silk, and gold teeth flashed when he smiled.

"Mr. Baird, you do not remember me?"

"I remember you very well," Stan boasted of never forgetting names and faces; if only, thought Evelyn, he were as keen in other ways;

"Evelyn, this is Mr. Tam, an old friend of mine. This is my wife."

Mr. Tam's narrowed eyes surveyed Evelyn. Turning to Stan, he said:

"Mr. Baird, I have been told that you were on the train to-day, and so I hunt you up with a small matter of business."

The next few moments moved, for Evelyn, with the precision and finality of a nightmare. She was not surprised to hear Stan saying that yes, he knew the tribal country a little . . . Mmm-hmm, he, too, had often wondered about their silver mines . . . Why, yes, he could go with Mr. Tam, to meet his friends and consider a proposition.

At last he remembered her. "You won't mind, dear? I shan't be long."

Mr. Tam moved discreetly towards the door, leaving them alone. Through half-closed lips Evelyn whispered:

"How did he know you were here?"

"From someone on the train, of course. I talked with half a dozen chaps."

"You must be mad to go off with him at this time of night."

"It's only a quarter to nine."

"Why not wait till to-morrow?"

"The train may leave any time after daybreak."

"But this place is so queer! And you remember what happened barely two days ago."

"Yes," Stan nodded grimly, "and I know it was my fault. I don't need telling. But this is different. I've known Tam for years; he's a wealthy man, with lots of mining interests. Anything he puts me on to will be all right. And—Evelyn, I've wondered for donkeys' years where the tribes in these mountains get their silver. There's a good thing waiting for somebody."

He was off again. Another rainbow, another pot of gold. Evelyn said meaningly: "You don't mind leaving me alone in this ghastly place?"

"I'm sorry, of course, because it will be dull for you. But you're perfectly safe. You can go upstairs if you like and bar the door, and my gun is there—not that you'll need it. Or shall I take you up before I go?"

She shook her head impatiently. "Go, if you must, and get it over with."

A moment later she was alone. Taking the branched candlestick in one hand and lifting her long skirts with the other hand, she started up the stairs.

Please turn to page 36

New 3-second relief...
BURNING FEET

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WHEN your feet seem on fire, and swollen, aching tissues seem to burst your shoes . . . that's when you need **Frostene** . . . magic new foot creme containing frankincense and myrrh, those soothing, cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to heal foot tortures caused by fiery desert sands.

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Simply get an ounce of **Kintho** — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

● PLAYTIME for Master Robert Beresford Grant in Rushcutters Bay park. Photographed with his mother, Mrs. Bill Beresford Grant, of Bowral, who has had a flat at Park Lane Mansions for two months.

● WHITE-CLAD BRIDE Mrs. Bern Cragen shares joke with her husband at reception following their wedding at St. Canice's. She was Marie McElhone.

● SHIRLEY POYNTER (left) and Mrs. Tim Rowlands meet for lunch to discuss mannequin show in which they appear this Thursday afternoon at Prince's . . . in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.

● SERVICE from Betty Johnson at White City tournament . . . in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

Canberra chat . . .

TO Canberra and back in one day for opening of new Parliamentary session. And what a day! Find time before mounting stately steps of Parliament House close behind Ivie Price to take a peek at new Japanese Legation and hurried visit to Canberra Service Club.

The legation is, of course, in Mugga Way . . . where all the best people live. It was formerly Dr. Arthur Wade's residence.

Service Club, which is making history by allowing soldiers to be accompanied by women friends, is in suburb of Manuka . . . and thereby hangs this tale.

Suburbia which dwells there pronounces it Manu'ka, with emphasis on second syllable. But . . . Canberra notables who help at club insist emphasis is on the Man.

Which doesn't sound a matter of great moment to most of us, but in Canberra such controversy can simply rage. However . . . it probably will settle down in time, as pronunciation of Canberra itself has done.

They catch the eye . . .

WIDEST halo hat in town . . . pale blue felt, worn by Mrs. Vernon Baynes . . . Mrs. John Spencer's topknot of white daisies, anchored by black satin ribbon . . . Mrs. Alec Leventhal's bracelet of large, chalk-white berries . . Ruth Walker in sheath dinner frock of white Indian silk, printed with bright floral splashes . . .

Marriage lines . . .

LATEST English air mail brings news to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Whiddett, of Homebush, that daughter Dorothy was married in London on December 7 to Major Gordon Prescott-Dennis, of Royal Engineers. Letter was posted just after wedding, but took three months to reach here. Dorothy is signals officer with R.A.F.

Wedding congratulations received by Betty Lee and Lieut. Ken Antill include cable from Betty's cousin, Snow Swift, sent from Rhodesia, where he is training with Air Force.

Filmy white lace is Margaret Paton's choice of bridal gown to wear this Friday at St. Stephen's, when she weds Ashley McMaster. Four p.m. ceremony, to be followed by cocktails at Redleaf. Barbara Paton will be bridesmaid.

Did you know? . . .

BRISBANE'S Joananne Woolcock is in Sydney for a fortnight or so . . . staying at Macquarie Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Goldfinch arrive this week from Adelaide for Malcolm Goldfinch's wedding to Lois Chartres . . . March 29, St. Mark's.

Mrs. Cecil Johnson has added yet another item to her extensive list of war and charity efforts . . . collecting lucky packets for stall at Tartan Fete, to be held at Scots College, May 3, for Spitfire Fund.

Dorothy Inglis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis, of Vaucluse, was among nurses photographed with Prime Minister Menzies in Middle East.

Mrs. Graeme Austin, of Humula, among 200 guests invited to wedding of her best friend, Mary Luxton, with Squadron-Leader Johnnie King, R.A.F., at Dandenong, Victoria.

Quick decisions . . .

WINDOW-SHOPPING, Castlereagh Street, Thursday, I meet Jean Nall looking all excited. "What's afoot?" I ask, knowing signs of romance. She unwraps narrow platinum wedding ring and says shyly, "Just bought it. Never thought I'd have to choose my wedding ring alone . . . but being wartime."

Tells me it is only a few hours since she and fiance, Lieut. Max Palmer, decide, per medium of trunk-line calls from Cowra, to marry on Saturday.

So Jean has only a day to choose ring, white frock, trousseau before leaving for Cowra. She telephones sisters Pat and Margery, who are staying at Errowanbang, Carcoar, and asks them to drive 30 miles or so to Cowra and join in celebrations.

And . . . as if this isn't enough excitement for one afternoon . . . just then Betty Billerwell joins us for tea. Also displays fine platinum ring which she tells us she has been wearing for last six days since marrying Joe Dorney, R.A.A.F.—at one day's notice.

Her second visit . . .

HEAR from Adelaide that Joy Minnett is paying her second visit to the Rex Wallmans, of that fair city. She was their guest last year when she went to Adelaide as captain of Sydney University swimming team.

It was then that Joy met Nugent Wallman. Now she is wearing a lovely diamond solitaire and being introduced as Nugent's fiancee.

Felicitations . . .

TWO daughters of well-known country families receiving felicitations . . . Agnes Main, third daughter of A.J.C. chairman and Mrs. George Main, of Illabo, who announces engagement to Mervyn Fletcher, R.A.A.F. . . . Joyce Austin, younger daughter of the Eli Elwah (Hay) Austins, who is engaged to Frederick Charles Griffith, of Toonallock, Albury.

Busman's holiday . . .

SORT of busman's holiday this Friday for 14 Air Force House canteen workers. They are arranging beer and sausage "do" to be held at Miss Rose Merivale's Darling Point home from five till seven. Proceeds for Air Force House.

Hostesses . . . the Wednesday-morning helpers . . . are Miss Merivale, Mesdames George Dansey, George Norrie, Gordon Triggs, G. C. Willcocks, W. B. Scott Fell, Newcombe Wright, J. Loveday, Hal Litchfield, J. Walker, Norman Roxburgh, Misses Nancy Joske, P. Steele, Judith Marshall.

Seen around town . . .

SEVERELY smart in all-black . . . young Mrs. Graham Robertson. Lunching together, and both in smart pink hats . . . young matrons Mesdames Tom Crossing and Philip Lloyd Jones.

And heard . . .

MARY McCONNELL, elder daughter of the Ken McConnells, has begun nursing career at Royal Prince Alfred.

● PARLIAMENT OPENS. Former Prime Minister Scullin and Mrs. Scullin arrive at Parliament House, Canberra, for new session.

● THIRSTY WEATHER. Peggy Maude pauses during W.A.N.S. training at Fort Street Girls' High School to quench her thirst.

● "WELCOME TO SYDNEY," says Mrs. Alex Mair, wife of Premier Mair, to Mrs. H. N. Facer, of Kuala Lumpur. Mrs. Facer will stay with Mrs. Mair at Albury home.

● LORGNETTE AID for Nan Goodman while watching "Fashion Marches On" at Trocadero . . . in aid of Journalists and Artists' Mobile Kitchen.

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QUICK INEXPENSIVE WAY TO THRILLING WAVES!

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Name _____
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For lovely hair. FREE OFFER 3d. packet of famous Camillatone Tonic sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

Encounter with a Ghost

Continued from page 34

PERFECTLY safe, Stan had said; perfectly safe, her footsteps echoed, on up the stairway and along the endless corridor, until with a gasp of terror she realised that she must have passed her room.

One closed door was like another, and no glimmer of light showed anywhere. She might go back downstairs again, find Ping-Pong—if she could. Or knock on these doors, one after the other? She lifted white knuckles, let them fall. There was a rustling near her—whispering . . . No, there wasn't. As she held the candlestick higher, its light fell on a familiar bunch of torn wired ends. Then her room was here. With almost a sob of thankfulness she turned the knob, and the whispering came alive and swooped at her.

Evelyn screamed, and flew shrieking for Ping-Pong down the stairs. The candles went out.

Ping-pong was cross. He had worked to please the foreigners, and he had still his washing-up to do, and all his fine, seldom-used best dishes to count and lock away again. It would take time. And now he had this foolish person on his hands, afraid of a few bats.

"You open door to place not used," he reproached. "No window-panes in there. Many bats, therefore."

"They scared me!" Evelyn gasped.

"They follow light. Put out light, bime-by all gone."

"But I can't sit in the dark with bats around. There are hundreds of them up there."

He chuckled impatiently. "If candles here, they come down. Maybe so you go store, wait for master?"

"Is there a store here? Is it open now?"

"Got nice store, always open."

"Well . . ." Even as she hesitated, dark wings brushed overhead. "Oh, all right. I'll go anywhere out of this."

Ping-Pong led her outside down the long verandah, and along a lonely corridor, holding his lamp to show where the boards were broken, till they came at length to a lighted window and a door with narrow glass panels. Ping-Pong pushed it open. "Elder Lord," he said in Chinese, "here is a lady. She will buy something perhaps."

"Ah, madame!"

Evelyn saw at once that the man Ping-Pong addressed as Elder Lord was French, that he was very, very old. When she came in, he had risen from his chair beside a table with solitaire cards laid out, and now stood looking with some astonishment at the lady in her fine dress. It was long since he had had a customer like this.

"I go," Ping-Pong announced, remembering his unfinished work.

"You wish to make some purchases, madame?"

"I'll just look round a bit, if you don't mind."

"By all means. I will show you."

They made a solemn tour of half-stocked shelves. There were canned delicacies of various sorts, with faded labels; riding whips, a saddle or two, a pearl-handled gun. The old man bent down, pulling at a drawer. "And here are ladies' things, but all outmoded now, I fear."

While he held the lamp, Evelyn looked at black lace stockings, side combs set with brilliants, beribboned camisoles. Shades of 1900-1910! She shook her head, unable to date these things, wondering which of them to buy to pay him for his trouble.

"To tell you the truth," she said abruptly, "I came here because I was lonely and a little frightened. My husband had to go out, and the hotel is dreary."

"But of course, madame. It is most understandable. Will you not be seated, and wait here for monsieur?"

She would not take his armchair, but pulled up a stool on the other side of the table and rested her chin on her hands.

"It's odd," she ventured, "to find a place like this, such a big empty place, out here."

He did not answer for a moment, and she thought that he had dropped into an old man's easy sleep. Then his eyes opened again, a blue, childlike gaze. "What you see here, it is a failed ambition, a lost hope, madame. This was all made by my son-in-law, Georges Martin, and by my daughter Laure, although she never quite believed with her whole heart. Georges planned for splendid things, you understand, a great establishment; he was a visionary always. Laure was the practical one. She counselled him sometimes, and even warned at first; but afterwards, when things went wrong—then she said nothing, though she stood by to the end." His eyes met Evelyn's with a smile, half-mischievous, half-sweet. "Good wives are made so, eh, madame?"

Evelyn's answering smile was mechanical; she dropped her lashes. Good wives don't have to be fools, she told herself.

"So it is finished," the old man said, echoing her unspoken thought. "Now there remains but me and the good lad Ping-Pong, who cares for me and for the hotel when there is business. That is not often; everything tumbles down about our heads. But it will last my time, perhaps. I am ninety-one years old, madame."

"A VERY great age," said Evelyn courteously. "You have had much interesting experience, no doubt."

It was like a dream to sit there listening, while he rambled on with the loquacity of the old, telling of the hotel in its brief heyday, the little year or two when the fashionable world of Indo-China had been aware of it. "Many came then, like you, madame—fine ladies, men of quality. In the best days we had our own orchestra, and afterwards it was Laure who played the piano, if there were even two or three couples to dance."

Evelyn thought of the musty corridor with its closed secretive doors, of the room where bats lived now, and of herself, putting on her pretty dinner dress. She had not been quite wrong after all; she had only been thirty years or so too late.

The old man was rambling on: "But still Georges would not give up. He would not leave. My daughter could have persuaded him, perhaps, for hers was the stronger spirit, and she was able. She was the practical one. She had been offered a hotel managership in Saigon—a good thing, that. But Georges was a man no longer young, you understand, and this had been his dream. Laure said, if you rob a man of his dreams, then what is left?"

(He could grow dahlias, or collect stamps . . .) Evelyn spoke quickly. "She is not here now, your daughter?"

"They are both gone, madame. She first, then Georges, a very little later. Some fifteen years ago, I think, although it may be longer. Time passes, one forgets. I cannot tell you when it was she died."

"She was a brave woman," Evelyn murmured.

"This is her picture, here. Taken a little while before she left us." He lifted it from its place beside him and put the heavy silver frame into her hands.

An old-fashioned photograph, carefully posed, showing bare neck and shoulders above a gauzy scarf, dark, smooth hair in a pompadour. She was young, Evelyn thought; then changed the word to ageless. Nothing of disappointment or defeat showed in the oval face with its steadfast, confident eyes. But surely her life had been all failure, all discouragement? Wasted. Evelyn wanted to cry. Thrown away—there was no one to hear. She said abruptly:

"Your daughter looks happy."

"Yes, she was happy, madame. She loved him very much, you see."

There was a little silence. Evelyn still held the picture, bending her fair head over it, almost seeming to listen for some answer to her unspoken challenge. "You were thrown away—a failure." How would the other wife reply?

Steps pounded along the verandah, and the door was flung violently open. "Evelyn! Evelyn! Oh, my darling! You weren't in the room, I didn't know what had happened to you. I didn't know where you were."

"Why, Stan!"

He mopped his forehead, tried to laugh away emotion. "Sorry. 'Scuse the fuss. I've been nervous all the evening, leaving you alone. I knew you were nervous about the place, and I came back early, and you weren't there . . . Oh, Evvie!"

Her voice was gentle. "I've been all right. I've been finding out where the pre-war coffee comes from." And she had learned something more than that, some wordless knowledge, achieved almost a moment before he came.

Like a lost child without her, a rudderless ship . . . She made a motion to put down the photograph, and her eyes met those calm, pictured eyes that told of triumph, not failure. Laure Martin, who had long been dead—and was not dead at all.

Very gently Evelyn set the picture back on the table. "Monsieur, I thank you."

But while the strangers spoke together, the old man had dozed off, waiting for Ping-Pong to come, for the long, long day to end.

Along the corridor again, with the same careful stepping over the broken places, across the shadowy hall, up the stairs. Her arm was so tight against Stan's side that she could count his heartbeats.

She would always miss the boys; the birthday cakes and prize-giving day and Christmas trees. But she knew her sons were not dependent on her now, for she had given them the precious gift of self-reliance. It was Stan who needed her. Words from the evening's encounter still seemed to ring in her mind like little silver bells: "Hers was the stronger spirit . . ."

But without love, her strength was nothing.

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202A

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Women also Serve

COMMITTEE MEMBERS (l. to r.): Mrs. A. H. Goodall, Lady Moxham, Mrs. C. E. Robinson, Mrs. B. V. Stacey, Mrs. R. Longworth count khaki handkerchiefs received at the 19th meeting.

Work of Army Medical Corps Auxiliary

KHAKI handkerchiefs piled high on a table were the main feature at the 19th meeting of the Point Piper Auxiliary of the Army Medical Corps Comforts Fund.

Every member had been asked to bring at least one handkerchief.

"We hold a meeting once a month, and for each meeting we all bring something and all bring the same," said the president, Mrs. Clive Robinson, at whose home the meetings are held.

"Talcum powder is the next on the gift list.

"We hold parties to raise money, and our annual report showed that we had collected £178, and had sent 20,696 articles to headquarters for distribution to wherever the Medical Corps is attached to any of the services."

The auxiliary has 60 members and included on the committee are Mrs. R. Longworth (hon. secretary), Lady Moxham, Mrs. A. H. Goodall, and Mrs. B. V. Stacey.

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Group of women to form Neighbors' League

EVEN in wartime the household routine must continue as far as possible along customary lines.

Wives with husbands away fighting have the sole responsibility of bringing up their children, and often a little assistance in home duties would make their lives much easier.

Within a few weeks an organisation called the Neighbors' League will be formed in Sydney and organised by Mrs. H. L. Primrose.

Members will all be women between the ages of 45 and 60.

"We feel that by going right into the homes we could be most useful," said Mrs. Primrose.

"There will be no glamor, but all we want to do is to help in a practical way.

"We intend to have simple classes of home nursing, though most of us—having brought up families of our own—are quite competent to render first aid.

"As the organisation grows we hope to have helpers available in any suburb to go where they are needed, to wash up, help mind the children, do light home nursing, or take the children to school."

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Social events for good causes

MARCH 18: Matinee at Minerva in aid of A.A.M.C. (Bellevue Hill branch), 2 p.m.

March 20: Fashion Parade for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, Prince's, 2.30 p.m.

March 20: American Tea, aid British Bomb Victims, Carlton, 2.30 p.m.

March 22: Afternoon and evening party, to aid Sydney Day Nurseries, Retford Hall, Darling Point.

March 24: C.U.S.A. Fashion Parade, Minerva Theatre, 2 p.m.

March 26: Dorothy D'Orn concert for Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal, Conservatorium.

April 3: Easter dance to assist National Fitness Campaign, Carl Thomas Club.

Dancing classes will benefit Anzac Buffet Fund

WHEN about 200 small children begin weekly dancing lessons at the floating palais at Luna Park on March 29, funds for the Anzac Buffet Auxiliary will be increased by approximately £5 a week.

Mrs. F. Hutchison, of North Sydney, thought of this novel way in which to assist the local branch of the auxiliary.

She offered to teach the children, and stipulated that all fees should be put each day into a Buffet collection box.

Luna Park management has given the use of the dance floor, and the organisation of the classes is in progress.

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Are members of Blood Donors' Club

THE importance of having numbers of men and women ready to give blood for transfusions is gaining recognition in New South Wales.

In Parramatta district there are many women whose blood has been typed, and who already have been called to urgent cases at the Parramatta and Sydney Hospitals.

Among them are Mrs. H. Brooke and her two daughters Peggy and Nancy.

Nancy Brooke, who is 16 years old, is the youngest member of the Parramatta District Hospital Blood Donors' Club.

The four women members who have answered the most calls are Mrs. J. Vercoe, Mrs. K. Barnes, Miss T. Stephenson, and Miss P. Brooke.

The club is preparing to offer service to war victims.

It has 95 members, and 30 more are waiting for a blood test.

Country town workers raise money for Spitfire

IN country districts, enthusiasm for raising money for the war effort is untiring.

The citizens and police of Bourke and district recently handed a cheque for £6115 to the N.S.W. Commissioner of Police (Mr. MacKay) for the purchase of a Spitfire plane.

The plan was begun last August, and the towns which collaborated in the effort were Bourke, Coonabarabran, Walgett, Baradine, and Brewarrina.

It was intended to raise £6500 for the plane, but in three months the five towns and district had collected £10,000.

Inspired by the success of the recent campaign, the towns intend to raise another £10,000 for a second plane this year.

Great tribute was paid to the women who helped in the last effort by members of the men's committees.

"The women did all the work," said one masculine helper.

In raising the £6115 from the town and district, the people of Bourke arranged many functions.

A Queen competition raised £3,792/17/6, and there was a whirlwind campaign to make the contest a success.

The winning queen was Miss Zona Stalley, Queen of Paroo.

The other two queens were Miss Betty Webster (Town Queen) and Miss Joan Dunk (Queen of Warriga).

Other members of the women's committee were Mrs. Hales, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Morgan. They also work for the local branches of the Comforts Fund and Red Cross auxiliaries.

To raise money for another Spitfire plane a second cup has been presented by Mr. MacKay for a queen competition between the towns of Bourke, Dubbo, and Orange.

MISS ZONA STALLEY (Paroo), winner of the Bourke and District Queen Competition. A silver cup was presented to her by the Commissioner of Police, Mr. MacKay.

On Active Service

EVEN in the best regulated home some incident similar to this one might happen, which all goes to prove how essential it is for you to select the most suitable fabrics—at the right price. MARSHALL FABRICS are known everywhere for their dependability and wear—for RIGHT PRICE AND STYLE, and that, of course, applies for both the fashion and furnishing ranges of MARSHALL FABRICS.

Remember the name, it's the password to a sound purchase—to absolute satisfaction.

Marshall Fabrics

Marshall Fabrics

Proprietors: D. MARSHALL & CO. LTD., 17 Minshull Street, Manchester, England, 36/38 Old Change, London, E.C.4.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite and Energy, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get Up Nights, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and wastes are impairing the vital functioning process of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicines can't help much and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms—No Benefit—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries, and over 90,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

One-time Sufferers Praise This Medicine

Mr. R. T., Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: *"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."*

Mrs. M. L. Z., Thompson Estate, Brisbane: *"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."*

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids. Kills the germs which are infecting kidneys, bladder and urinary system. Helps nature to strengthen and reinvigorate kidneys and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 8/4

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy **Cystex** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid**, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell **Vaculoid** with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BEFORE BEDTIME—
START DRIVING OUT
BRONCHITIS

Sleep Sound All Night...

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture *(triple acting)* before you go to bed.

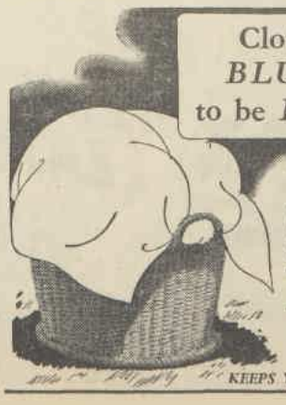
For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again. It "acts like a flash"—and it's sold by all chemists and stores.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Clothes must be *BLUE WHITE* to be *PURE WHITE*



To keep your fine linens sparkling blue-white you must give them the final rinse in blue water. Without the last blue rinse linens are only yellow-white.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS YOUR LINEN A GOOD COLOUR

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MIRACLE NEW BEAUTY CREAM

DOROTHY LEYLAND *explains*

Never, never, has there been a cream that could bring your skin such girl-ish freshness, such rose-bud softness. For Skin Deep is totally different from all beauty creams up to the present! Scientists have only just discovered the vital importance of a non-alkaline cream . . . and the result is SKIN DEEP, this entirely new type of cream.

Non-Alkaline—Totally Different

The moment you apply Skin Deep you'll notice that it feels cooler and smoother, far more refreshing. And in a very short time, you'll see it work miracles in counteracting the Australian climate's coarsening, drying effect on your skin.

87% More Absorbent

Skin Deep doesn't stay on the surface, like most creams, but sinks right in to refresh the underlying tissues. You can give your skin the regular nightly care it needs so urgently, without having to put up with a greasy face at bedtime.

Skin Deep

Atkinsons . . London . . Sydney

A.9.37

The Way Back

Continued from page 13

SUDDENLY she saw a figure come out of Seaways and walk quickly through the garden. A moment later she recognised him. It was the ferrety man she'd seen when she rowed to the moorings opposite Burton's cottage.

He did not see her, and she realised afterwards that the reddish-brown she was wearing must have acted as camouflage against the cliffs that were much the same color. Watching him idly, she realised that he had not the air of a man taking a stroll on a very pleasant evening in early summer. He ran rather than walked. His back was bent, and he was taking advantage of every overhanging rock, every scrap of cover. There was an indefinable tenseness, a furtiveness, about his appearance. He reminded her somehow of pictures she had seen in her childhood of Red Indians on the trail. That was what he was—on the trail!

Almost at the same moment Nicole realised whom he was trailing. About two hundred yards farther on Burton suddenly appeared for a second, before a projection of rock once more hid him from view. At the same moment the pursuer sank down flat, like a dropped stone, only to resume that low running pace as soon as the man in front was out of sight.

A sick horror seized her. It was like a scene in a film, and yet it wasn't. It was all hideously, horribly real. Somebody was trailing Burton! Somebody bent on doing him harm. She felt sure.

She began to run wildly, blindly, stumbling sometimes, but always hurrying onward, until she should be within earshot, until she could call out a warning.

As she passed Seaways, she heard the faint strains of music from the radio. She hurried on. The man in front had not seen her. He was slowing down his pace. Already she was guessing at his intention. There was that narrow ridge that Sandy had shown her above Devil's Gully. Nearly every year some foolhardy summer visitor would crash here. Only the very strong and sure-footed could attempt it. That was where it would happen, she told herself. That was where there would be an accident. She must get there in time. She must stop it!

If she were near enough to call out, the man would have to alter his plan. Unless he were ready to kill her too, he could not kill Burton under her very eyes. In another five minutes she might be within earshot.

She ran blindly. Places that in the usual way she would have negotiated with the utmost caution, she took now without hesitation. Her breath was coming in labored gasps. But she was catching up on Burton. In another minute she could call out. Then he would turn. In another minute—it was in half that time that the accident happened. What befell foolhardy summer visitors befell her also.

Her foot slipped. She caught at a clump of sea-broom to steady herself. Her clutch loosened the soil that held it. She went swaying. The soft ground crumbled beneath her feet. She saw the sky tilted crazily. She saw the rocks and the spit of sand between them come up to meet her. As she went spinning into space she let out a cry that sent the seagulls flying into the distance.

Maurice Curtis heard it. So did Burton, more faintly. He turned to find the other man almost at his heels, knew him as his enemy, but had no time to think further. He saw Nicole's falling figure hurtling down the side of the cliff. He started to run.

Maurice too ran back to the scene of the accident. His breath was coming in great shaking sobs. His finger had been on the trigger when he had heard Nicole cry. He'd meant to shoot Burton, then push his body into the sea. If he had done so, he would have been seen. That girl would have been a witness.

Burton was clambering down the side of the cliff to sea-level. Maurice climbed too. Now he must behave again like a normal person. Scheldt would have praised him had he managed that killing, but it could not be done to-day. The girl probably had seen nothing. So far there had been nothing to see. It did not occur to him that his furtive behaviour had told its own story. When he reached the beach, Burton was already kneeling beside Nicole. Maurice recognised her as the girl he had seen in the boat a few days ago.

"She's not dead," Burton was saying, his finger on her pulse.

Nicole opened her eyes.

"I'm not even very badly hurt," she said.

"You must have missed those rocks by the fraction of an inch," said Burton.

"I was lucky for once," said Nicole.

She saw Maurice's white and agitated face, and thought quite certainly: He will not kill him now. She was shaken and bruised; her foot hurt agonisingly, but these were such little things. Here was Burton kneeling beside her, his hand in hers. If that wasn't love that looked out of his eyes at her, then she knew nothing, less than nothing!

"I don't know how you're going to get me back again," she said. "I'm afraid I've done something pretty drastic to my ankle."

"I'll carry you to my cottage," he said. "Feeling well enough?"

"You're sure you can do it?" asked Nicole.

"I'll give you a hand," said Maurice.

"I can manage myself, thanks," said Burton. He bent down. "Just put your arms round my neck, Nicole."

She did so. She realised the strength there was in his arms, the hardness and leanness of him. He was different from the sick, spent creature of the London days. He was tough and sinewy. He was a man.

AT the cottage he laid her on the sofa and closed the door.

"This is the second time I have been here," said Nicole.

"Yes," said Burton.

"Do you love Mrs. Curtis?" said Nicole.

"Heaven forbid!"

"If I were not feeling so peculiar, I don't expect I'd have the impertinence to ask you that," she murmured. Then she suddenly remembered something. She tried to sit bolt upright, and sank back. "Burton, that man was trying to kill you!"

"I rather thought he might have been," said Burton quietly. "In which case you saved my life."

"But why, why, why? What had he against you? He meant to get you when you reached Devil's Gully. I'm sure of it. I watched him. That was why I was running! It was a nightmare! If you'd died, Burton, if you'd died!"

"Would you have minded?" said Burton.

"Would I have minded?" said Nicole. "Would I have minded?"

He was kneeling near the sofa beside her. Slowly he drew her into his arms, until her head was resting against his shoulder. At that moment there was no shadow between them.

"My sweet!" said Burton. "Oh, my sweet!"

"And you pretended you didn't love me!"

"I wasn't very convincing!" said Burton. "I tried to put you out of my heart and mind, and couldn't."

"Only to-day I told myself I was Burton-proof!" she answered. Then she stopped dead. "Burton!" she whispered.

"What's the matter, my sweet? Whatever it is, it's nothing! Nothing else will matter again, ever!"

"That's where you're wrong. I'm engaged to Sandy."

"What?"

"I promised him a week ago—before he went abroad. And he's fighting. And I forgot!"

"A funny thing to forget!"

"I know. Oh, Burton, we can't let him down—we can't! He was so glad. Oh, my dear, what can we do about it?"

"Kiss and say good-bye!" said Burton. He was very pale, but his voice was jaunty. "A good chap, Bryant. Definitely made to be a husband, as I told you once before. Congratulations, and all that!"

He was quite changed. The tender romantic lover of a few minutes ago was gone. Actually he was telling himself that once more fate had clapped him on the shoulder. He rose.

Please turn to page 40

SAVE YOUR BREATH

CONSTIPATION STOPPED BY A FOOD - I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BUT SHE CHANGED HER MIND WHEN SHE STOPPED TO THINK ABOUT THESE 2 QUESTIONS . . .

Is constipation becoming so chronic that you're now forced to take harsh purges nearly every day? Harsh purges have been irritating the system into action—making your condition increasingly worse. The real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk". It takes a *food* to bring normal, natural regularity.

Did you know that this is how your system is kept regular? Any food not absorbed into the system passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not *bulky* enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated. You urgently need more "bulk".

Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal specially prepared to make up for lack of "bulk" in modern, over-refined meals. It gives the bowels the "bulk" they need and so brings about a normal, natural movement. Start breakfast with two tablespoonsful, ready to eat with milk and sugar, and you'll be regular in a week.

ONE WEEK LATER

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT — KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS PUT ME REGULAR THE SAFE NATURAL WAY

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER RIGHT AWAY.

CORNS LIFT OUT

ROOTS AND ALL

Just one drop of this new-type anaesthetic liquid is enough to stop the worst corn pain.

Pain goes in three seconds!

Soon after, the corn begins to shrink in its socket—and then works so loose that you can lift it right out with the finger-tips like a loose cork! Ask your chemist or store for a bottle of *Frozol Ice* . . . it's the better-type, safe, antiseptic treatment for corns and calluses, that ends all dangerous cutting, bulky plasters, or messy "eating" salves. *Instant drying.* Does not spread onto or hurt healthy tissue. Shrivels up and banishes every sort of hard or soft corn or callus, harmlessly, painlessly, roots and all.

Get a bottle of *Frozol Ice* . . . and walk in comfort.

Frozol Ice

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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She speaks for England

London woman's vivid story of bombed home

Thirteen people fighting Britain's war in different fields — airmen, fire fighters, gunners, merchant seamen, submarine officers, and civilians—tell their own personal stories in "Their Finest Hour," edited by Allan Michie and Walter Graebner, of "Life" magazine.

The stories in this book are as heroic as Winston Churchill's speech from which the book's title is quoted:

"Let us therefore address ourselves to our duty, so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years men will still say, 'This was their finest hour!' "

SONIA STRAW, one of the first three women to be awarded the George Medal.

MRS. LILIAN HART, whose home was bombed.

TWO women tell their own stories—Miss Sonia Straw, the courageous little red-head business girl who was awarded the George Medal for endangering her own life to rescue air-raid victims, and Mrs. Lilian Hart, wife of George Hart, an A.R.P. warden earning £3/5/- a week, whose home in the East End was bombed.

"Our home doesn't look like much now!" Mrs. Hart says. "Just a dirty heap for the dustman to cart away. You'd never think four rooms and a bathroom could change so much, all in just half a minute . . .

"I remember just looking up there where the house used to be and then sort of not thinking about it any more.

"You know how you'll do when you've lost something, or misplaced it. And you just think to yourself you'll hunt for it later on, but you don't waste time worrying about it at the time . . .

"What I was worrying about was George and my cat Timmy.

"I kept calling and calling for him —Timmy—Timmy—but I couldn't hear a sound.

"Then somebody told me George was all right. He'd been on duty at his post right out in front of the vicarage.

"Then he went into the vicarage to telephone the control centre at the Town Hall. Once he'd done that he told me later he got a weakening at the knees.

"He was always a man for his home, you know, fond of it and all, and always pottering about . . .

"I stayed on working and helping in the shelter till five o'clock in the morning.

"When the 'all clear' came I came back, just to look around the house. You never know who might be around to pick things up, and we had a little money saved in a tin box. I was hoping to find it. I didn't, but one of the boys did later and handed it over to us . . .

"You know how you're always reading in the paper about a house being bombed, but a bowl of eggs in the pantry not even being cracked.

"I say it couldn't be. In our house there's not one stick of furniture unbroken, and you couldn't get solider stuff.

"George was a cabinetmaker ever since he was fourteen, and he himself made everything we had in the house—tables and the chest of drawers and our bed and the china bureau. Every bit of it out of solid mahogany, and made by hand—all but the piano.

"Oh, it was a beautiful house we had, not that you could tell now . . .

"Somebody found my ring case. Fancy, a little thing like that, with both my rings, my diamond and my wedding ring in it still. I take them off when I'm cleaning up around . . .

"We'll never be able to replace our wedding presents. We were born in Bethnal Green and lived here all our lives, so you can imagine the wedding presents we had . . .

"I don't think I want to come back to Bethnal Green Road to live. I want to get a job.

"I don't think it's a good thing to sit and think —it just makes it seem worse.

"George says we won't try to set up a proper home—at least not till the war's over. He hasn't got the time now to build furniture, and I don't think he's got the heart, not right now, anyway.

"And me, I wouldn't be bothered to make curtains again and do crochet and fix everything nice again. Not now."

"Their Finest Hour, the War in the First Person," edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner, of "Life" magazine. (George Allen and Unwin.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing
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Showcards, Tickets
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Architectural Work
Commercial English
Com. Arithmetic
General Education
Handwriting
Nurses' Entrance
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CLEAN POTS AND PANS without scratching WITH VIM

A LEVER PRODUCT 7/103 38

BACKACHE

caused by

Kidney Trouble

—now feels

"as fit as a fiddle"

Mr. J. C. tried every known remedy for backache and kidney trouble, but found no relief until he gave De Witt's Pills a fair trial. He writes:

"Being a sufferer for years from backache and kidney trouble and having tried every known remedy and failing to get relief, I decided to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial. After a small bottle I felt an improvement, so continued to take them. The shooting pain in the small of my back disappeared and I felt like a new man.

I am not young, but I must say I now feel as fit as the proverbial fiddle. Previously I could not stoop to do my work, and to straighten myself was impossible. I advise all sufferers from backache and kidney trouble to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial." Mr. J. C.

Backache is often a sign that kidneys have become weak or sluggish. Instead of filtering poisons out of the system, in a normal healthy way, they are letting *them* accumulate. These poisons cause pain and weakness.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys—cleansing them, toning them up, restoring them to healthy activity. You get visible proof of this within 24 hours after taking the first dose of De Witt's Pills.

So don't let backache get you down. Get to the root of the trouble with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Then, like Mr. J. C., you'll soon be "feeling as fit as a fiddle."

De Witt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Approval No. 173

Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/1½ and 6/-

Before you step out

in the glory of your new Autumn clothes — before you even choose them —"renew" your figure, achieve the line of glamour and fashion—

step in for your

Berlei Foundation of Beauty

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BERLEI TRUE-TO-TYPE CORSETRY IS THE BASIS OF FASHION

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Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

The Way Back

Continued from page 38

"I'D better be getting you home," he said. "That ankle of yours needs attention. My car's outside. I didn't tell you I'd bought one, did I?"

"Burton, we can't say good-bye like this—we can't!"

"We've got to, my sweet. It may be for the best, really. I always said I'd make you a rotten husband."

"But you've explained nothing! That man——" she rumpled her hair distractedly — "we're forgetting everything really important. That man was trying to shoot you—he may try to shoot you again!"

"I'll see him before he sees me next time," said Burton. "I think I'd better ring up the doctor and tell him to call at Fleeting Gate. The sooner that ankle's attended to——"

"Bother my ankle!" said Nicole. "Burton, what's all this? You can't shut me out—not now!"

"Fleeting 21," said Burton.

Queer that he should have the telephone installed in a tiny cottage like this, Nicole thought. She was hurt, bewildered. It was true that she must be faithful to Sandy. He was in danger, and she had given him her word. But Burton might have protested, or have shown some regret. There he was, one moment all hers, the next a hundred miles away from her. She listened to him giving Dr. Nairn the message, explaining in crisp, even tones that Miss Frome had had an accident on the cliffs, and, like all women, respected the man she could not understand.

He put down the receiver.

"Now I'd better carry you to the car," he said.

"I can walk, thank you!" she flared back.

"As you will," said Burton. "But you had better take my arm."

"Are you going to inform the police of what happened just now?" said Nicole. "Because if you don't, I will!"

He looked up sharply.

"You are not to do that, Nicole."

"Why not—when I see a man in imminent danger of his life?"

"The police know as much as is good for them already. Curtis and I have our own scores to settle, and I shall attend to them!"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Then don't bother to try. Ready?"

He helped her stand; helped her hobble into the car. She was conscious of aggrieved, wounded dignity. Couldn't he have said something tender; given some hint of the sorrow that he was feeling? Oh, Sandy had been right and reasonable. Burton wasn't any good to her, and yet she knew that nobody could ever take his place. They drove in silence back to Fleeting Gate. Late afternoon was fading into evening. Miss Letty came out of the house at the sound of the car, a letter in her hand.

"Oh Nicole, I'm *so* glad you're back," she began. "I wanted to tell you——" Then she stopped sharply. "You've had an accident?"

"I fell," said Nicole baldly. "It's my ankle—that's all. This is Commander Harwood, Miss Letty!"

"Oh, I've heard of you," said Miss Letty. "The cottage with the crooked chimney, isn't it?" She turned again to Nicole, her voice trembling with excitement. "Nicole they wanted me to go at once, immediately."

"Where?" said Nicole.

"To a Y.M.C.A. canteen!" said Miss Letty. Her face was lighted with a great radiance. "It seems they have a vacancy. The last helper died from overwork. I won't do that, I'm tough!" Then her face changed. "But I'm being very selfish. You've had an accident, Nicole, my poor child. You're looking dreadfully white. I ought to stay and look after you."

"YOU'LL do no such thing," said Nicole. "The maids can do that. They're angels. You go to-morrow or to-night if necessary. Only it might be as well if I got up to bed first."

It was Burton who helped her up to her room. He smiled at her before he left her: "Good luck, Nicole," and went away. It was a farewell, she knew, and her heart was heavy within her, but she smiled quite steadfastly back at him. Miss Letty was chattering as she helped her to undress.

"I like that man," she said. "He's navy. He's the type to trust in an emergency."

Nicole did not answer. She was deadly tired. Dr. Nairn looked at her with sympathy as he bustled into her room, and put his little black bag on the dressing-table.

"My dear young lady," he said. "This has taken a great deal out of you. Now let me see!"

For a country practitioner his fingers were unexpectedly skilful. Then he nodded, quietly meditating.

"A fracture, but happily quite a simple one. I'll set it in plaster of paris, and then you will be able to limp about in the house and garden a bit. But there's certainly no chance of your getting back to London for a few weeks. And I know somebody who will be pleased. My daughter Helen thinks you about the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"I'm terribly fond of her too," said Nicole. "If I'm going to be laid up here, I hope she'll take pity on me, and come to see me often."

"She'll do that all right," said the doctor. "Dear me, there will be quite a sensation about this accident. Things have been happening in Fleeting lately."

"They have, haven't they?" said Nicole, remembering the events of the afternoon.

"All so outwardly peaceful, and seething underneath," said the doctor cheerfully. "Why, only the year before last we had a murder, and a case of manslaughter the year before that. And this year——"

"This year?" said Nicole. She was feeling terribly tired, and wished he would go away.

"Well, they're talking a lot about Fifth Columnists these days, aren't they?" said the doctor.

"Fifth Columnists?" repeated Nicole.

"Even here!" nodded the doctor.

"Oh, I've had communications with people in very high quarters indeed! Yes, it's an established fact, though I've never been told who they are. I've been doing a little detective work on my own. For a while I suspected a certain gentleman who shall be nameless. He's an insurance agent, and I found he went to a certain pub once a week, when his wife thought he was playing billiards at the club. So I followed him there."

"Did you find him doing a Hell Hitler?" asked Nicole curiously.

"No, only making love to the barmaid," chuckled the doctor. "And if you had seen his wife you wouldn't blame him."

"You don't suspect the barmaid of being an intermediary of the Fifth Columnists, do you?" asked Nicole.

"Now, that's an idea," said the doctor. "That's very well worth following up! Not a word of this to anybody, you understand! I wouldn't have told you if you weren't going to be an important lady of the district in the near future."

Please turn to page 42

Animal Antics

"My husband is a collector of trouser seats."

Mother! Solvol cleans with ease Children's grubby hands and knees.

Because Solvol has something no ordinary soap has . . . a thick, penetrating lather that makes grass stains, crayon and plain ordinary dirt disappear like magic! Yet Solvol's easy on even a toddler's sensitive skin. Keep a cake in your bathroom.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S.24.82

RESTORE YOUTH TO GREY HAIR

Why rob yourself of youth and opportunity? Restore the natural colour of your hair with INECTO RAPID. Eighteen colours to choose from. INECTO RAPID colours hair inside as nature does, and so cannot wash off, rub off, or fade. Absolutely permanent. Cannot be detected. Full instructions with each bottle. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist.

INECTO Rapid HAIR COLOURING

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So They Say

Are married men too careless of appearance?

YES, Miss Wilson (1/3/'41), you speak truly when you say that after marriage men grow careless of their appearance.

They regard any old trousers and broken shoes as comfortable and suitable. If wives complain, they say: "What's wrong with these? I'm only working about the house."

Yet a man is very hurt if his wife does not look smart, neat, and tidy, even when tired.

F. Munroe, Denman Ave., Glen Iris, Vic.

Most particular

I THINK that the majority of husbands are most particular about their appearance.

The husband is tired by the end of his day's work and can be excused for wanting to relax on arrival in his home; but most men do not want to come to the table minus collar and tie.

Mrs. Dean, Aberfoyle, Raven St., West End, Brisbane.

Too fussy

WOMEN *fuss* too much about clothes. A wife should be very pleased if her husband's only vice

MOST men like to relax in dress in their own homes.

is coming to table minus collar and tie.

After all, an Englishman's home is his castle, so why should he not dress as he pleases, provided that his clothes are clean?

Mrs. A. W. Maundrell, Kulpi, Qld.

Entitled to comfort

A WOMAN has plenty of time at home to keep herself clean and tidy. She may rest in the daytime if she wants to. The meal at the end of the day can be prepared to a great extent beforehand, and the work need not be so very strenuous.

A man hurries home from the office, has a quick wash or shower, and is anxious to have his dinner.

What does it matter if he wishes to take off collar and tie?

Miss Doris Scott, Gordon Rd., Fairfield, N.S.W.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

MANY adults consider it childish to continue the celebration of birthdays.

I think most of us, even though we would like to forget our age, are gratified by remembrance of our birthdays.

In these times they need not be occasions for extravagant celebrations or presents, but even a letter or a telephone call is gratifying.

Grace Marks, Palace St., Petersham, N.S.W.

ALWAYS WORKING

MANY women pride themselves on the fact that they are never idle. From morn till night they are busily occupied, and even when visitors call they feel that they simply must work at a bit of sewing or knitting while they talk.

Surely it is wiser to relax sometimes and to enjoy a little idleness?

If it were not for the peaceful atmosphere surrounding those women who are clever enough to know the value of being able to do nothing now and then we would all be nervous wrecks.

Esther McLennan, 213 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

PREFER BRITISH NAMES

THE war has shown Australian women the real value of a British name.

Before the war women in business seemed to think that a foreign name attracted more custom, with the result that we found beauty salons, hairdressing establishments, dressmaking and millinery shops, etc., being conducted under foreign names.

Now, however, proprietors realise that Australians prefer to deal with Australians.

Mrs. J. Dwyer, No. 4 Moore Park Flats, Moore Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

FAULTY EDUCATION

DO secondary schools teach too many subjects? I think the trouble lies in teaching unsuitable subjects.

Girls need to know about home-making rather than about mathematics or history. Boys should be taught economics and kindred subjects. Education should be more practical.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Albion, Qld.

SHOCKING WASTE OF GOOD FRUIT

TONS of Australian apples and pears will rot on the trees or be dug into the ground this season.

Surely this is shocking waste! There are thousands of children living inland who need fruit badly.

Why cannot the Apple and Pear Board devise a scheme to distribute the fruit for a small charge to cover freight and packing? It could be done through some organisation such as perhaps the Country Women's Association.

Where I live apples and pears of any decent size are 2/- and 2/6 a dozen. I believe that farther west they are dearer still.

One is always hearing the slogan, "War on Waste." Why waste beautiful fruit that young Australians could eat?

£1 to Mrs. Les Edwards, Parry St., Charleville, Qld.

How should news of casualties be conveyed?

I CANNOT agree with Mrs. Thompson (1/3/'41) that women would prefer to have bad war news sent by telegram.

I am a mother with a son overseas and the mere sight of a telegraph messenger is enough to make my heart miss a beat.

I am not in favor of the postmaster doing the job, but certainly think the clergyman is the proper person for the task. No one, I'm sure, would mind sharing her sorrow with a minister—and think of the spiritual comfort!

Mrs. G. McDougall, 36 Victoria St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Clergymen best

THE best way to receive the news of casualties is through the local clergymen.

With their religious training and outlook on life they are able to talk to us in time of sorrow better than anyone.

Telegrams are callous, and the postmaster should not be expected to do it.

Evelyn E. Davis, Elgin St., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Can give comfort

NO, not the postmaster, but the local clergymen are the proper persons to break the news of war casualties.

It is the privilege of clergymen to comfort bereaved people.

In one instance at least a telegram resulted in the death from shock of an aged mother.

Moreover, in the last war, stricken relatives were notified by the clergy.

Mrs. J. White, 367 Carrington St., Adelaide.

Prefer to be alone

AS a member of a family which has three sons on active service abroad as pilots and a fourth in camp, I agree with Mrs. Thompson that we would rather bear bad news alone.

Parents who are brave enough to endure the knowledge of hourly peril for their sons possess enough courage to face a telegram, and would prefer that method to a visit from a clergyman or postmaster, or even a relative.

Miss Lett Waddy, 185 Pittwater Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

BETTER CITIZENS

APART from the obvious value of home defence for the protection of our country, the training of these lads must be of wonderful benefit to them in the years to come.

It will teach them the real spirit of leadership, and surely they will be more tolerant of their neighbors, better citizens, and far happier than ever before.

Miss S. Peachey, Shirail, 289 St. Kilda St., Brighton S5, Vic.

VIEW MAT.

WE read in the papers daily of lonely people advertising for friends, with a view to matrimony.

I know that many people consider this a great mistake, and possibly they may be right.

I am of the opinion that if, after the advertiser meets the applicant, they take plenty of time in getting to know each other, the marriage could be a success.

I think it is a lot better for a girl to get a husband through an advertisement than to get no husband at all.

In the latter case she is likely to become a disgruntled old maid without any friends and a source of worry to her relations.

Joan Bruce, Walmsley St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

TOO EFFICIENT

IT is not in the best interests of the family for the mother to be too efficient.

When she is capable, there is a tendency on the part of husband and children to leave everything to her. She shoulders more than her fair share of responsibility, with the result that she becomes nervy and exhausted.

It is bad for the children because they "let Mum do it," and become very selfish.

It is bad for the husband because he loses the incentive that comes with the knowledge that his family looks up to him and depends upon him. He often seeks diversion elsewhere.

Efficiency is desirable up to a certain point, but not to permit others to shift responsibilities which are rightly theirs.

Mrs. John Richards, Won Wron, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Qld.

Problem of school lunches for children

I AGREE with your suggestion that the Governments could install luncheon stalls in schools, N. Middleton (1/3/'41), but not at the parents' expense. A tuck-shop in the school grounds could be leased to an outside party, who should cater for sensible lunches.

Otherwise the mothers should pack a lunch of green salad, fruit and cake or small jars containing stewed fruit, sweets, etc.

Unless the tuck-shop is carefully supervised it is wiser not to trust children to purchase their own lunches, as the indigestible, sickly food always has the greatest attraction.

Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

Difficult in country

N. MIDDLETON'S idea of luncheon stalls at schools would be practicable in cities and towns of some size, but difficult if not impossible in small country schools.

In the larger towns, however, they would be a very good idea. They would be best run on a subscription basis, leaving parents free either to

CHILDREN enjoy buying their own lunches.

contribute to the cost, with benefit to their children, or continue packing lunches.

Still, I think that if a child has a good breakfast and evening meal, a sandwich and fruit lunch would be adequate for midday.

Mrs. L. K. Harvey, Olive St., Launceston, Tas.

Good idea

AS the mother of a country schoolboy I agree that the Government should do something about luncheon stalls for schools.

What is better in winter-time than a nice hot cup of cocoa for cold children, and something hot to eat, instead of cold sandwiches and water?

Children who have to walk miles to school can't go home for meals.

Parents would gladly pay weekly contributions for such a benefit.

R. Davies, c/o P.O., Wondai, Qld.

She stepped into bed . . .

and her hands became softer and whiter!

"I used to think it was impossible to bring up a family and do all the housework without ruining my hands" says Mrs. McKnight of 8 "The Boulevarde", Epping. "When my hands became red and rough I said to myself: 'well what else can I expect?' but I was wrong. You *can* keep your hands soft and white no matter how hard you work. You'll never do it with those sticky, greasy hand mixtures, but you *will* do it with Pond's Hand Lotion. When my chemist friend told me about Pond's Hand Lotion I tried it because I like Pond's Creams. Well the first thing I noticed was that Pond's Hand Lotion was not a bit sticky or greasy, so I got into the habit of using it every time I washed my hands. It felt so nice that I started going to bed with it on my hands. Now, to look at my hands, you would never know that I am the mother of three children and do all my own housework!"

Your hands should have this daily protection.

You know yourself all the things you do each day — housework, washing up, peeling potatoes, being out in the sun and wind — those take the beauty out of your hands and make them red and rough. Unless you give them daily protection with Pond's Hand Lotion.

Use Pond's every time you wash your hands, and before bed at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin-softener—it feels silky and soothing on your hands, and keeps them soft and white. What's more Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. It's more economical because you actually use *less* of this creamy lotion!

Do this every night for soft white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. A few nights of this treatment and you'll be thrilled to see how much smoother and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/1 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 2/10½ for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

★ *Your chemist recommends it.*

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MY CHILDREN —afraid OF ME!

Diana had the reputation of being a simply marvellous mother. She never spoilt her two youngsters, Fred and Joan, but she understood them and knew how to join in with their fun . . . until to-day's extra strain began to tell on her nerves . . .

Ragged, jumpy nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you feel tired all the time, even wake tired, get run down, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. Your sleep will be really beneficial and recuperative. This nourishing, well-balanced food gives you the *extra* vitality necessary to keep your nerves calm and steady. Priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9, special pack with mixer 2/-.

HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

Unnamed artists in 2GB's new show

With the exception of the compere, who probably will be Peter Bathurst, the cast of an important new 2GB show will be nameless.

"Pro Bono Publico" will be heard each Saturday night from 2GB and the Macquarie Network stations at 8 o'clock.

SOME of the new session will be narration, some of it recorded music, some of it live artist music, and comedy sketches will be included.

The announcement of this session is considered an important indication of a growing trend towards Saturday night entertainment.

"Pro Bono Publico" has been in course of production for some months, and the completed script is described as "A programme for to-day—radio's surprise feature of 1941."

The new show is best described as a whirligig of moods. It fits into no set pattern. No two shows are alike. It has in it something for everybody and everything for somebody. In it there are music, comedy, highlights of the week in every sphere of human interest, inspiration, and topicalities.

The session really fits the mood of the moment in expressing the theme of the title.

"Pro Bono Publico" is freely interpreted as meaning for "the good of the people."

The finished show will be for the public good, entertaining all the time—that type of entertainment which is needed to-day.

Peter Bathurst, from New Zealand, who is expected to be compere, already has won approval throughout Australia as the compere of "Ask the Army."

Thousands of listeners who formed a deep affection for "Doctor Mac," the lovable old country practitioner who was featured on 2GB last year, will welcome the announcement that he is coming back to the air.

One of the outstanding characters created by Mr. E. Mason-Wood, Macquarie Network production manager, "Doctor Mac" is a kindly, whimsical typification of the traditional country doctor.

MISS MARY McDERMOTT, mezzo-soprano, who will sing in the 2GB "Sweet and Lovely" session every Friday at 9.15 a.m.

He is the confidant of everybody in the district from the 10-year-olds whom he brought into the world to the greybeards with whom he has grown old, and his character is summed up in the fact that to everybody, rich and poor, old and young, he is "Doctor Mac."

In the everyday lives of the people among whom he moves, he is more than a doctor and more than a friend.

Lou Vernon, one of the leading figures of radio in Australia to-day, has never created a finer character than his interpretation of "Doctor Mac," and the return of the old man to the microphone will re-establish a programme which won an enormous circle of friends.

The Way Back

Continued from page 40

"OF course not," said Nicole with equal gravity.

All the same, she couldn't help wondering whom else he might have told, then decided that there was nothing in the story, whatever.

Miss Letty brought her warm milk and bread and butter, cut wafer thin, on a tray of exquisite Queen Anne workmanship. Dr. Nairn had left her a sedative. Presently she fell asleep.

She awakened suddenly, as one does when the effects of a sedative wear off. Under the plaster of paris casing her ankle was aching intolerably. She switched on her light, and saw that the hour was well after midnight. The house was silent; so silent that she could hear the ticking of the clock on the stairs. She could hear the soft sound of the waves swishing the pebbles on the beach below. The room felt airless and stuffy, owing to the heavy curtains that were drawn over the windows.

All the events of the day came crowding back on her. She saw again the cliffside, that man creeping along the side of it. She saw herself panting, hurrying; felt again the ground give under her feet, remembered thinking as she fell: I may be going to die now, this minute!

She remembered, too, the strength of Burton's arms upholding her; she remembered how his cottage had enfolded them both, so that for five minutes perhaps, no more, there had been nobody in the world for them except each other.

With a restless hand she tossed her hair back from her face. Then she managed to hobble out of bed. The plaster of paris held her ankle firmly. She located dressing-table and window before switching off the light. Then she drew back the curtain. Over the sea was a pallid darkness. Dawn would not come for an hour or two, but there were stars among light clouds, and you could see the shadow of trees and of rocks and the line of coast separating this house from Seaways.

Suddenly, as she stood there, beyond this line she saw a yellow light shine out for a minute or two; then another. They were extinguished as quickly as they had appeared. A second later they shone again and as quickly went out.

Somebody was on the beach beyond the reef. The coastguard patrol? Their station was at the other side of the village. The lights still seemed to tap out a message.

Suddenly she remembered what she had thought idle talk from the doctor. She stood rigid. Fifth Columnists? Was that it? Was it too fantastic, or was it the answer to everything that was puzzling her?

There was the light again, and yet again. Something had to be done about it—now!

The house slept. The telephone was downstairs in the drawing-room. She cursed her ankle. It made every step a slow, agonising torture. She groped her way from stair to stair, until she was in the hall and had found the handle of the drawing-room door. The scent of lilac met her. Miss Letty had arranged great jars of it that morning. She took up the receiver. It seemed an aeon before a sleepy voice answered her from the exchange.

"Number, please!"

"Fleeting 31."

Was this why Burton had had the telephone installed in his tiny house? She listened in a fever of impatience until he answered "Hallo!"

"Burton—it's Nicole! There are lights out on the beach just between here and Seaways!"

"Lights?"

"Yes. They keep going off and on."

"Right. I'll attend to them. Thank you."

Please turn to page 44

Your SKIN KEPT

Matt as a swan . . .

You envy the texture of the swan's snowy plumage—always so beautifully matt. Give **your** skin the same lovely texture with Creme Simon M.A.T. This new different foundation cream prevents grease and shine forming — enters into and combines with your skin—tones and stimulates the inner tissues.

CREME SIMON M.A.T.
(MATT-ACTIVE-TONIC)
Small tube 1/6, large tube 3/9.
Small jar 3/6, large jar 5/9.

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

BLONDE makes amazing discovery whilst washing her hair at home!

For a long time her hair had been going dull . . . mousy. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this remarkable discovery . . . **that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair.** It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

You, too, can give back to your hair that lost golden beauty—can recapture lost sparkle and charm—**and keep it**—for Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-blond. Its precious Vitel[1] nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

ENGLISH PRODUCT.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

The Australian Women's Weekly
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3½.

YOU CAN'T OVER-WEAR THIS UNDERWEAR!

Continual washing doesn't age Nile Athletic Singlets. They're woven for WEAR from selected Egyptian yarn. Prices, 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6. Also Nile Junior Athletic Singlets for boys, 1/6.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS

BE WELL-DRESSED UNDERNEATH

Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty., Ltd., 114 Broadway, Sydney.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

This period of the year — between March 21 and April 21—is controlled by Aries, whose zodiacal symbol is the Ram.

PEOPLE born under the spell of Aries are active, energetic, "bossy" and impetuous.

They "butt" into things and the affairs of other people with enthusiasm. They anger quickly and are always ready to fight for their own rights or those of others.

Most Arians are forceful, argumentative, abrupt, and restless. They hate slowness and routine, and are not readily amenable to serving others. In short, they are born leaders and pioneers, and therefore make better bosses than servants.

They get themselves into lots of trouble with cheerful disregard of consequences. They are secretive while seeming to be frank and straightforward. They are honest because they can't be bothered being anything else.

They are apt to take what they want whether you like it or not. They do not consider this unfair. They believe in share-and-share alike, and are usually just as willing to give as to take.

Because of the secretive element in their make-up, they are not always easy people to understand. This is especially so if life has proved difficult in its early stages and they have lost some of their fight and confidence. Such people become surprisingly timid and live much within themselves until fortune "breaks" for them again.

Altogether, they are forceful types and are good friends in emergencies.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Have your plans ready. If opportunities do not arrive you can possibly find a few, especially on March 27 (after 4.30 p.m.), 28, and 29. Do not waste a moment of these days. They can become foundations for future successes and happiness.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): March 22 has mild possibilities. Improve routine.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): March 23 and 24 produce radiations which can aid diligent and wise Geminians. Start semi-important ventures and make changes.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Over-confidence or changes on your part now can work out badly. Concentrate on routine matters and consolidate recent gains. Be especially cautious and avoid upsets on March 22, 27 (evening), 28, and 29.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Lively Leonians can now achieve some of their ambitions if they work diligently, wisely, and well. Opportunities may present themselves, and quite important changes can be attempted. Seek promotion, make journeys, and ask favors on March 27 (evening), 28, and 29.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days for most Virgoans. If important or urgent matters need attention, choose March 22. Avoid rashness.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Step lively if you would keep ahead of trouble, upsets, quarrels, annoyances, partings, losses, opposition or disappointments. Be on guard, protect your own interests well. Be especially careful on March 22, 27 (evening), 28, and 29.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Consolidate any recent gains and do not ask too much of the coming week. March 23 and 24 poor; March 25, 26, and 27 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Now is the time for you to start those new ventures and make the changes you have been so anxious about. Choose March 27 (evening), or 28 and 29 for decisive action. Ask favors, try for promotion, make decisions or journeys and changes. Work hard.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Avoid over-confidence or provocative behaviour, for you are sure to do the wrong thing and thus create many difficulties for yourself. Be especially careful on March 22, 27 (evening), 28, and 29. Routine activities will prove wisest.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The coming week can produce very fair conditions and opportunities for many Aquarians provided rashness and carelessness are avoided. March 23 and 24 very helpful for starting things.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Avoid over-confidence and doubtful changes or risky ventures now, and concentrate on the stabilisation of your affairs and of any recent gains. March 25, 26, and 27 (daylight) best, but weak.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is about to leave Fort Radi, Central Africa, where he has been with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who is a Prince of the Wambesi tribe. They have helped to defeat

BESA: A Wambesi sorcerer, and after his death Lothar is claimed as King of the tribe. He is crowned, and Mandrake tells him that as King he must remain with his people, though Mandrake has to leave Africa to do other important work. Lothar wishes to accompany him, and has to decide what he will do. NOW READ ON:

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HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you *must* keep free from constipation." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a *natural* way. It acts gently and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Figsen is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get NYAL FIGSEN *to-day* and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere—1/3½ a tin. *The next best thing to Nature . . .*

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

To Mark CLOTHING LINEN WOOLLENS SCHOOL WEAR
Cash's NAME TAPES -are the Best! To Save Money

Size of Style No. 10 — MARY PICKFORD.

12 doz. 7/6, 6 doz. 5/-, 3 doz. 3/6

SOLD BY LEADING STORES
Write for Free Booklet to
J. & J. Cash Australian Weaving Co. Pty. Ltd.
85 Cubitt St., Richmond, Melbourne.

DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE EARPHONES, 21/- PAIR.
• Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 54, State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

The Way Back

Continued from page 42

HE rang off. She heard the click of the receiver at the other end. His voice had sounded entirely wideawake. Suddenly she was terrified. Was it possible that she was sending him into danger?

. . . . .

Burton had forgotten Nicole. He was intent only on what was happening down by the sea. He dressed rapidly, pulling on singlet, trousers, rubber-soled shoes. He took up a torch, put a revolver in his pocket.

He ran swiftly, sure-footedly. He knew the beach by this time, and the darkness, thank heaven, was not too dark. But at Devil's Gully he had to show a light, and shuddered as he heard the crash of breakers below him. Then he was on the green level, but again in the darkness.

Once more the light shone out. Nicole had been right about it. From the coastguard hut you would not have been able to see it.

He began climbing down towards Seaways. Suddenly a light flashed straight into his face. He whipped out his revolver.

"Hullo, Burton," said Rachel Curtis.

She had come up so softly that he had not heard her. And her tweed coat was so dark that he had not seen it. She sounded faintly amused.

"Well, well, why the revolver? And why are you up at this time of night?"

"I saw lights," said Burton. "I wondered if anything was wrong."

"It is—Maurice has been taken ill. I'm going for the doctor."

"This isn't the way to the village."

"Our phone's out of order. It just would be in an emergency! I was going to ask you if I could use yours. I hope nobody else saw my torch or I'll be getting heavily fined, I suppose. Be a dear, Burton! Go back and ring up the doctor, will you? I'm so anxious. I don't want to leave him too long alone."

"What's the matter with Maurice?"

"Oh, rigors and a high temperature. It's an odd sort of tropical fever. He gets it occasionally. It's quite alarming at the time. I'll go back to him, if you'll telephone."

She barred his way effectively. Short of using force to her he could not pass her. There was no other way to the beach from here. And when he reached it he would find nothing. He understood what had happened. She had seen the flash of his torch above Devil's Gully, and had come to intercept him. For the moment there was nothing else to be done. She had been too clever and too quick for him again.

"All right. I'll ring up Nairn," he said.

"Thank you so much."

He retraced his steps. But when he reached the house he rang up the coastguard station before he rang the doctor. The man was known to him, and was aware of his own activities.

"Lights round Seaways," said Burton. "You'd better send out a patrol."

"Very good, sir."

He phoned Dr. Nairn next. Then he waited. It was twenty minutes before he heard the telephone again. It was the coastguard.

"Nothing to report, sir. But the doctor's car has just arrived at Seaways."

"You examined the beach?"

"Nothing unusual there at all, sir. Of course we'll have another look to-morrow morning, but the tide will have washed away anything there may be to see. Mrs. Curtis said the light was from her torch, when she went to telephone for the doctor. The phone's out of order. I investigated it. It really is. The wire's down just outside the house. These winds are cruel on telephone wires!"

IT'S been pulled down less than a quarter of an hour ago, thought Burton.

But it was no use saying so. He replaced the receiver. Then once again the phone rang.

This time it was Nicole's voice that spoke.

"Are you all right, Burton?" she said.

"Quite all right. Those lights were from Mrs. Curtis' torch. She was on her way to the doctor's. Her brother had been taken ill."

"They didn't look like that sort of light," said Nicole.

"But they were," said Burton. "All the same, if you see them again, let me know."

"I will," said Nicole. "Good night, Burton."

"Good night, my dear!" he said.

. . . . .

Burton sat in Morgan's room at the Admiralty. He had just finished making a statement. Morgan sat slouched at his desk.

"An attempt was made on your life?" he said.

"I've very good reason to believe so," said Burton.

"And you heard what you believe to be a code message on the phone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've assured yourself that there is no submarine base thereabouts?"

"The possibility of that can be eliminated altogether in my opinion."

"It was after you had tried to investigate the cellars at Seaways that Curtis tried to kill you?"

"Yes."

"Then the sooner you get into the cellars the better," said Morgan calmly. "They are obviously the centre of interest. But you had better take somebody else with you next time."

"I've an idea that I think is simpler," said Burton. "But it involves bringing somebody else into it."

"The fewer people concerned the better. That doctor, for instance, is definitely of the genus chatterbug."

"I wasn't thinking of consulting him. He told me, by the way, that Curtis is suffering from an obscure tropical infection. Mrs. Curtis said his temperature was 104, but it had sunk to normal by the time he saw him. A very interesting case, Dr. Nairn said."

"Very," agreed Morgan.

They both smiled a little.

"Whom do you want to take into your confidence?"

"A girl. As a matter of fact she knows, or suspects, a good deal already. It was she who saw Curtis following me. It was she who rang me up about the lights on the beach. She is engaged to Sir Alexander Bryant. She can be trusted. I need not tell her everything, but enough to enable her to assist me. I have a plan——"

He sketched it out. Morgan nodded.

"It sounds feasible. I hope to heaven you find something. Time is getting short. They'll invade Holland and Belgium soon."

"And then what?" said Harwood.

"That's what we're going to find out," said Morgan quietly. "Er—tell the coastguard before you attempt that plan of yours, Harwood!"

"I will," said Burton. "I'd hate to get hurt or maybe even killed!"

They both laughed again, and Burton went.

There was another hour before his train left Paddington. He'd buy a wedding present for Nicole, he thought. He wandered down St. James' Street, pausing at the antique shops with their galaxy of exquisite jades and ivories.

He found a model of a yacht in full sail, a lovely thing, and so alive that you felt as if you could feel the wind sending it on so joyously. It had tiny oars, each carved with exquisite precision. It reminded him of Salcombe, of Nicole steering his yacht, her hand on the tiller, her hair blown backwards like a valkyrie.

Lovely days. Nights full of magic. Some time perhaps without pain he would be able to remember them. Not now. Nicole would belong to Sandy. And he had his own grim work to do.

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 19.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 20.—June Marsden — Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, March 21. — "Melody Mysteries." Competition and Results.

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SUNDAY, March 23.—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: British Horoscopes.

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HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results . . . a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with **Colinated** *foam*—the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And the results? . . . 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff *completely*.

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NEW SPORTS CARDIGAN

SUCH A YOUNG, nonchalant little cardigan is this one specially designed for sports wear. Directions for knitting given at right.

CABLE stitch in knitwear is still in the front rank of fashion. In the jacket shown here it is used to adorn the front. The back is knitted in an ordinary knit 2 purl 2 rib. Choose wool in a bright color for gaiety, or, if your slacks or skirt is gay-toned, then choose a soft, natural shade for the cardigan.

Materials: 7 2oz. skeins sports wool, pair No. 3 needles, and one needle pointed both ends (for cable).

Tension: 8¾ stitches equals 2in. (ribbing); 4¼ stitches equals 1in., 6 rows equals 1in. (cable).

Abbreviations: K, knit, p purl, dec. decrease, beg. beginning, st. stitch.

BACK

Cast on 66 sts. Work complete back in ribbing of k 2, p 2. Work even for 1in. and dec. 1 st. each end of needle every inch 5 times. Then work 1in. and inc. 1 st. each end of needle every inch 8 times. When back measures 13½in. cast off for armhole. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of needle every other row 4 times. Work even until armhole measures 7½in. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Broken Cable Pattern: 1st Row: P 2, k 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p 2.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 for 2in.

Then * p 2, slip 2 and place in front of work, k next 2 p sts, and p the next 2 k sts., k the 2 slip-sts. and repeat from *.

On next row, k the k sts. and p the p sts. across row. Continue to work even in ribbing for 2 inches. Then work pattern as follows: P 2, k 2, * p 2, slip 2, place in front, k the next 2 p sts., p the next 2 k sts., k the 2 slip-sts. Repeat from *.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 48 sts. First 6 sts. are worked in seed-st. (**1st Row:** * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row. **2nd Row:** K.) all the way up centre front. The next 2 sts. are always worked in stockingette-st. P side is outside. When work measures 1 inch turn cables and make buttonhole in right front, by seed 2, bind off 2, seed 2, work across row. On next row, cast on 2 sts. above those cast off.

Place a buttonhole every 2 inches (9 buttonholes in all). When work measures same as back to underarm, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of armhole row. Then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every armhole-edge row 4 times. Work even until armhole measures 4½ inches, and cast off 6 seed-sts. at centre front. Then k 2 sts. tog. at beg. of every neck-edge row 4 times. Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of each armhole-edge row 4 times. Cast off remaining sts.

Work left front to correspond. Omit buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Cast on 44 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 throughout. Work even for 1 inch. Inc. 1 st. each end of needle every ¾-inch 5 times. When sleeve measures 4½ inches, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work even until sleeve cap measures 7½ inches, and cast off. Work second sleeve in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Slip-st. shoulder seams and underarm seams. Insert sleeves into armholes with fullness at the top. With right side of work towards you, pick up sts. around neck and work 4 rows of seed-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row. Cast off very loosely.

FUCHSIAS . . . *are easy to grow*

● Years ago, this gracefully lovely plant used to be seen in every garden boasting a shady corner, but to-day is seldom seen.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THERE are three reasons why fuchsias are seldom seen these days—the red spider, the thrip pest, and the fact that people have forgotten how to grow them.

Red spiders and thrips both give the fuchsia an awful towelling up during summer months, with the result that many gardeners have given up growing them because of the difficulty of combating these pests.

While the red spider can be fairly easily controlled by spraying with lime sulphur or dusting with sulphur and lime in equal parts, thrips present a more serious problem, and unremitting spraying with kerosene and soap emulsion is necessary.

Grows from cuttings

FUCHSIAS are really absurdly easy to grow. Even if you break a piece off the parent plant by accident and stick it into a patch of moist soil soon afterwards it will produce a new plant in a few weeks' time, but given proper attention and the cuttings set in sandy soil, cuttings will strike in a few days.

Fuchsias prefer shady conditions, but can be grown right out in the open if you will provide them with the things they like. This can be done by mulching the soil all round their roots with plenty of lawn trimmings, old manure, or dead leaves.

Anything, in fact, that will hold the moisture during the sunny hours when the conditions are not really suitable to their rather sappy stems and frail foliage and flowers.

They like plenty of water, too, although the older bushes can be neglected in this respect with greater impunity than those with less root establishment.

When watering be sure to spray the leaves, as fuchsias are thirsty above as well as below the ground. Spraying the foliage regularly will also repel red spiders and thrips.

Fuchsias are hearty eaters and a good top-dressing in later spring or early summer with complete artificial fertiliser (about ½ cupful to the plant if big shrubs) will be all to the good.

And just a final paragraph on what to buy.

Pink Ballet Girl is a lovely variety, then Juliette Adams (tall, white and red streaked flowers and scarlet skirt), corymbiflora alba, an exotic beauty, with clusters of thin white tubes and sepals and deep red corolla.

Coccinea florean is more Oriental than a Japanese print, and bears long violet petals shaded with carmine and has long pointed scarlet sepals.

The basket fuchsias are very useful for the bush-house or verandah, Baby Bunting, Marinka, Molesworth, and Bella Forbes being the best varieties.

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ROBINSON'S *Patent* **BARLEY**

Favorite recipes
from our readers

● All prizewinners in our weekly best recipe competition—a contest open to everybody. To enter, just send us your favorite recipe and maybe you, too, will win a cash prize and have your recipe published on this page.

EVERY week, first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

EGG SCRAMBLES

Three eggs, ½ level teaspoon salt, pepper (a few shakes), ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Beat eggs, add salt and pepper, milk, and beat for a minute. Melt butter in small saucepan, pour in egg mixture and stir until beginning to set. Remove from fire and stir. Add chopped parsley and serve on toast or mound of potato chips.

Variations: Beat in ½ level teaspoon curry powder mixed with dessertspoon milk. Omit parsley.

Slice and fry two peeled tomatoes in saucepan with 1 teaspoon butter, season and add egg mixture.

Add ½ teaspoon of anchovy essence, pinch mustard, and squeeze lemon juice to mixture.

Add to mixture just before thickening sardines, 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons flaked salmon, chopped, cooked bacon, ham or sausage.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. H. Mitchell, King St., Maffra, Vic.

BUTTERMILK SULTANA LOAF

Two and a half cups plain flour sifted with 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda and 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup buttermilk, lastly add 1 large tablespoon melted butter.

Bake 1 hour in a bread tin. To serve cut in slices and spread with butter. Keeps well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Anderson, Morphett Vale, S.A.

VEAL CUTLETS AND BACON

One and a half pounds veal cutlets, ½oz. butter, flour, salt and pepper to taste, ½lb. bacon, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, lemon.

Cut veal into pieces 2in. round, melt butter, add chopped parsley to beaten egg, mix on plate. Roll veal in flour, salt and pepper, dip into egg and then into breadcrumbs, firm on with a knife. Fry cutlets each side for 3 minutes to harden cover, then cook slowly for another 15 minutes. Drain on paper, grill or fry bacon, and dish cutlets on a mound of mashed potatoes with brown gravy. Garnish with rolls of bacon and slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Haygarth, 21 Beauchamp St., Preston, Vic.

RHUBARB AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Four good-sized pineapples, 3 bunches rhubarb, grated rind and strained juice 2 oranges, 3½ quarts sugar.

Shred enough pineapple to make a quart and cut rhubarb into small pieces to make 2 quarts. Put pineapple into buttered preserving pan, add 1 pint water, and cook over asbestos mat to prevent burning until tender. Add rhubarb, sugar, rind and juice and cook until thick. Bottle while hot, cool, and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Maxwell, Hamilton St., Brighton, Sandgate, Qld.

KIDNEY A LA FRANCAISE

Six sheep's kidneys, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2oz. butter, 1 gill stock or water, 2 eschalots, 1 glass port wine, 2 teaspoons thyme, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 8 small triangles fried bread.

Soak kidneys in warm salted water. Skin and slice thinly, and fry in butter. Sprinkle with eschalots, parsley, thyme and cayenne, all finely chopped and mixed together. When cooked keep hot till required. Stir flour into butter in pan, add stock and bring to boil, then add sauce and port wine. Place kidneys in hot dish, pour sauce over, and garnish with fried bread and small sprigs of parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Goldsworthy, 18 Jackson St., Mowbray, Launceston, Tas.

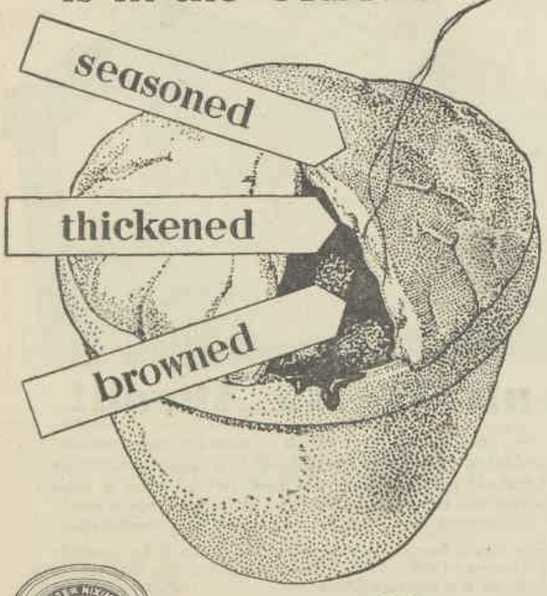
Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO KEEP your dressing-table mirror clean and sparkling like this one above, which reflects the loveliness of Dorothy Comingore, RKO star, rub the mirror over occasionally with a pad of soft tissue moistened with methylated spirit.

IF potatoes for baking are allowed to stand in hot water for 15 minutes they will bake in half the time and be more palatable and mealy.

HAVE nothing to do with veal that is flabby or spotted, or if its fat is soft. Veal is best taken from animals from six weeks to three months old.

The proof of the pudding is in the GRAVY



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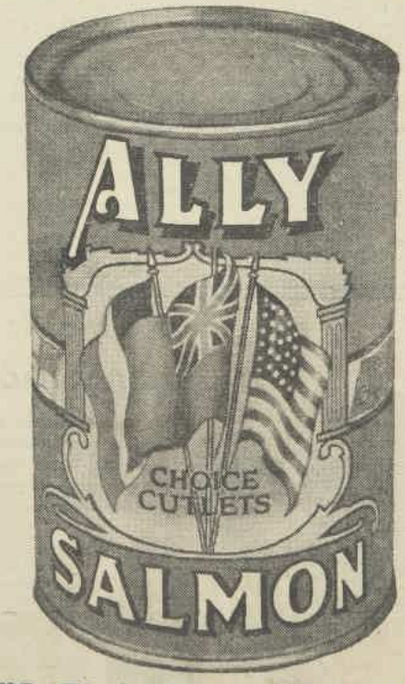

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NEW MODES IN ICED CAKES . . .

STYLES in cakes vary almost as much as the fashions themselves. Those that held the limelight one season are out of favor the next. Last year frosted sponge sandwiches . . . Next year, fruit gingerbreads . . . This season, tailored lines in decorated butter cakes . . . But this you can depend on—chocolate cakes are always in fashion with the men and plum cakes with the boys at school.

HERE are two cakes which are new and unusual—sunflower cake and frosted orange ring cake. The main feature of the sunflower cake is its attractive decoration in icing which is done in the form of a sunflower in green, yellow, and brown. The orange ring cake is finished with sharp lemon frosting, white icing flavored with lemon juice and rind.

TO-DAY, housewives try to vary their cake recipes and try out new ones not so much for the delight of mere creation as to add to the sum total of various efforts for bazaars, fetes, and other money-raising activities for auxiliaries and comforts funds.

Here are some new cakes that both look and taste good and will prove winners at any committee meeting or card party.

SUNFLOWER CAKE

Two cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, almond essence, 2oz. almond paste (colored yellow), 2oz. almond paste (colored green), warm icing, yellow coloring, chocolate coralettes.

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and sift three times. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, flavor with essence and add well-beaten eggs. Fold in flour alternately with milk. Place in a well-greased cake tin (6-inch) and bake in the upper half of a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 50 to 60 minutes. When cold ice with warm yellow icing. Before icing sets sprinkle centre of top with chocolate coralettes to form the flower centre. Mould yellow almond paste into petals, brush with egg-white and arrange on the top. Mould green paste into leaves, brush with egg-white, and arrange as a border around base of cake.

ORANGE GINGERBREAD

Three cups flour, 2½ teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup orange juice, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½lb. butter, ½ cup golden syrup, grated rind of 1 orange.

Sift flour, ginger and finely crushed bicarbonate of soda. Rub in butter and add sugar and grated orange rind. Slightly warm golden syrup and combine with milk and beaten egg. Pour into dry ingredients and mix well. Lastly add orange juice. Place in two well-greased bar tins or in a 10-inch square slab tin and bake in upper half of moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 30 to 40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT CAKE

Three ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1oz. unsweetened chocolate, 2oz. chopped prunes, 2oz. chopped pineapple, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs and melted chocolate

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

and then prunes, nuts, pineapple, orange rind, and juice. Fold in sifted flour and cook in a greased bar tin in centre of moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 35 to 40 minutes. When cold, ice with warm chocolate icing.

SWISS CAKE WITH BUTTER-SCOTCH NUT GLAZE

Six ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, jam and browned coconut for sides.

Cream butter and sugar and beat in egg-yolks. Add lemon rind and milk and stir in flour. Lastly fold in whipped egg-whites. Cook in a 5-inch cake tin in centre of moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. When cold brush sides with warm jam and roll in browned coconut and pin around cake firmly a band of white paper before pouring on butter-scotch nut glaze.

Butterscotch Nut Glaze: Half a cup sugar, 3 tablespoons water, pinch cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon butter, chopped nuts.

Boil sugar, water and cream of tartar until an amber color. Add butter. Pour quickly on cake. Sprinkle with nuts and when almost set mark into eight sections for serving.

MOCHA RING WITH CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT FROSTING

Two cups sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. chocolate, ¾ cup strong milk coffee, 2-3rds cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, vanilla essence.

Sift flour well and measure and sift again with baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar and add melted chocolate. Slowly whip in beaten eggs and then sifted flour alternately with the milk coffee. Add 1 or 2 drops vanilla. Cook in a greased ring tin in centre of a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. When cold coat with chocolate peppermint frosting

Chocolate Peppermint Frosting: 1½oz. unsweetened chocolate, ¾ cup milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1½ cups sugar, oil of peppermint to taste.

Dissolve chocolate slowly in the milk, and add sugar and syrup, stirring to boiling point. Boil without stirring until syrup forms a soft ball (232 deg. F.) when tested in cold water. Add butter, cool to lukewarm, add peppermint. Beat until consistency to spread, and spread quickly and roughly over cake.

WALNUT CARAMEL LAYER CAKE

Four ounces brown sugar, 4oz. butter, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 eggs, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add well-beaten eggs and then fold in sifted flour, baking powder, walnuts, milk, and essence. Cook in two well-greased seven-inch sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, sandwich together and cover with caramel frosting.

Caramel Frosting: One and a half cups brown sugar, 1½ cups crystal sugar, 1½ cups milk, 2 dessertspoons butter.

Combine sugar and milk and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil without stirring until a small quantity of the mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water. Add butter, cool to lukewarm, and beat until spreading consistency. Spread quickly over cake.

FROSTED ORANGE RING CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. plain flour, 3 dessertspoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange and lemon rind, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add well-beaten eggs gradually and then well-sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit juices. Place in a well-greased ring tin and bake in centre of moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 40 to 45 minutes. Allow cake to cool and cover with sharp lemon frosting

Sharp Lemon Frosting: Nine ounces icing sugar, 2oz. butter, juice and rind of one lemon, 1 dessertspoon honey.

Cream together butter and honey. Gradually add sifted icing sugar alternately with lemon juice. Add lemon rind and beat until mixture is soft and fluffy.

SPICED HONEY SANDWICH WITH CREAM RUM FILLING

Four eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons boiling milk.

Whip, egg-whites stiffly and gradually add sugar. Add egg-yolks one at a time, whipping until thick. Sift flour, cornflour, spices and cream of tartar and fold in. Lastly fold in quickly and thoroughly boiling water, bicarbonate of soda, melted butter, and honey. Place in two well-greased sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. When cold join together with cream filling flavored with rum and dust over top with icing sugar.

BY THEMSELVES... *inviting!*

WITH SALADS ... *exciting!*

WITH CUTLETS... *delicious!*

WITH EGGS... *nutritious!*

EVERYONE agrees about Heinz Baked Beans. They say there's nothing more satisfying than a steaming plateful, oven-baked the special Heinz way, mealy and munchy, soaked through and through with rich tomato sauce.

Your grocer has extra-large stocks of Heinz Baked Beans. So order right away.

Containing proteins and carbohydrates, they give energy. Rich in vitamins, they give health. Have them often at any meal — Joy of Living for a few pence.

HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

57 VARIETIES

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, could I have done anything for that man before sending for you? I felt so helpless when I saw him lying there unconscious, and all I could think of doing was to run for you.

DOCTOR: Such an inquiry is a familiar one to a doctor who has been called to attend an emergency case.

If at any time you find a person in an unconscious state, send for a doctor, certainly, but keep your head and use your wits to see if there is anything that you yourself can do before skilled assistance arrives.

There are many possible causes of unconsciousness, among them poisoning, fainting, epilepsy, apoplexy, and accidents.

Poisoning may be a matter of murder, suicide, or accident, and the poison a drug or a gas.

Alcohol is a drug and a person who is dead drunk may sink into unconsciousness.

On the other hand, even though the victim's breath may smell of alcohol, his unconscious state may be due to injury or other causes, and should not be neglected.

A patient suffering from poisoning by gas should be dragged away immediately from the gas itself if it cannot be turned off, and artificial respiration applied to him. If started at once it may save his life.

A person found unconscious in a garage, especially if it is closed, is more than likely suffering from poisoning by carbon monoxide gas, though there will be no smell to indicate this, hence its danger.

A person who is unconscious as a result of poison taken internally can be dealt with more easily if the poison is known.

IF YOU FIND A PERSON UNCONSCIOUS

Even when it is not known, however, a few general measures can be taken.

Place the patient in a comfortable position, and turn his face to one side so that if he vomits he will not choke. Keep him warm to prevent shock, but loosen any tight clothes and see that he has plenty of air.

A person who has merely fainted usually recovers from unconsciousness fairly quickly. In most cases of fainting, the cause is a lack of supply of blood to the brain, a condition which may itself be due to a variety of causes.

An anaemic condition in which the blood is deficient in iron or in the red blood cells which carry oxygen may be responsible.

Various causes

ANY condition which causes a disturbance of the nervous system and leads to a sudden deviation of blood from the interior of the body to the surface will have the same result.

Sorrow, fear, pain, the sight of blood or similar conditions which affect the emotions, severe bleeding, or sudden weakness of the heart may also produce a fainting turn.

Raising the head of a person who has fainted is dangerous as it still further hinders the passage of blood to the brain. Lowering the head and keeping the patient flat is the proper treatment.

The distinction between unconsciousness due to epilepsy and to apoplexy is not easy to make unless there is a person at hand who has the skill to recognise them both.

So, until expert help arrives, treat such a case merely by giving fresh air, relaxing all tight clothing, and keeping the patient warm. If he is restless, try to prevent him from injuring himself.

When a person is unconscious after an accident it is not wise to move him until the extent of his injuries is known. If his back or neck should be injured, moving him would only make matters worse.

Even a simple fracture of a limb may be turned into a compound one through careless handling. So move an accident victim as little as possible and prevent people from crowding around him.

Other less common causes of unconsciousness are heat stroke, hysteria, and organic disease. In these cases little can be done before the arrival of the doctor.

Years ago, the only first aid that most people knew was a sip of brandy. To-day we know that alcohol is a dangerous treatment for the unconscious person.

One of the good effects of this war is in the large number of women who have taken first aid courses. May many more do so until every adult, especially in the country districts, has a certificate.

It is a qualification you owe yourself so that you can, perhaps, save the life of a loved one or a fellow human being.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS have beautiful hair—long, luxuriant, but hard to manage. It is not naturally curly; their familiar curls are the result of an hour's work each morning by Nurse Dorine Chaput, who is shown here doing Yvonne's hair. Emilie is waiting her turn.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Good jaw development

IN infancy the shape and arch of the jawbones can be so moulded and modified by various habits that distortion can occur, and the deformity can be reflected in the lower half of the face.

Bad habits can also cause poor dentition and nose and throat disorders.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

MY! WHAT A NICE CLEAN TONGUE!

THERE'S never an "off-day" in this young fellow's life. He's as regular as can be—completely free from that condition of Faulty Elimination (intestinal irregularity) which causes so much worry and distress.

Wisely, his mother keeps him in perfect condition with *GENUINE LAXETTES*—the *SAFE* laxative for every child. Laxettes are mild, gentle, yet effective. They contain no harsh drugs, no intestinal irritants. They neither gripe nor purge, and are attended by no constipating after-effects. *And they're non-habit-forming:* there's no need for daily dosing to ensure regularity.

Doctors, chemists, everywhere prescribe and recommend *GENUINE LAXETTES.* You'll see the name on the tin container.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO. 356 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.1

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

BOOKLET FREE! 39 Talks on Child Welfare by Sister Helen. Send 1d. stamp for postage to Laxette Company. Address Above.

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

THE QUINS in their "jungle gym.," which is an arrangement of ladders, swings, slides, trapezes, etc., and is designed to provide the children with physical activity conducive to muscular co-ordination and good physique. Here the five mount the ladder to their slide—left to right: Annette, Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne.

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NEEDLEWORK Notions . . . .

DESIGNS FOR QUILTING . . .

JACKET and bonnet set for baby, and a romper suit, all traced for making up and working. Sizes infants to 18 months.

For the children . .

● Shown above is a dainty jacket with bonnet to match for baby and a romper suit for the tiny tot.

THE three items are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for making up and working.

The baby's jacket and bonnet are obtainable traced on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pink, lemon, and green, or on kabe crepe.

Sizes are: Infants to 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months.

Prices are: Jacket, winceyette, 2/9; kabe crepe, 3/11.

Bonnet: Winceyette, 1/6; kabe crepe, 1/9.

Complete set—bonnet and jacket: Winceyette, 4/-; kabe crepe, 5/6.

Paper pattern, bonnet and jacket, also obtainable, price 1/6. No transfer obtainable.

THE romper suit is traced for making and working on winceyette in cream, blue, pink, lemon, and green, or on linora in cream, blue, pink, lemon, and green.

Sizes are: Infants to 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months.

Price is 2/11, plus 3d. postage.

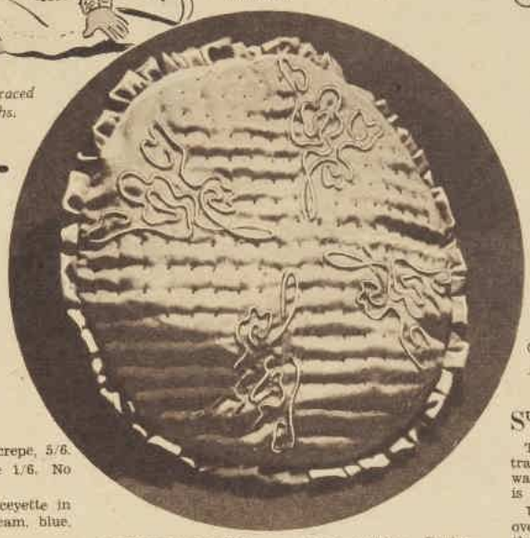
Paper pattern for romper design also obtainable for 1/-. Transfer for working, 1/- extra.

THE designs for the attractive quilted jacket shown at right and the cushion cover or sachet shown below may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white lawn.

Jacket, bust sizes 32, 34, 36 or 38 inches, is 5/9.

Cushion cover or sachet, size 18 by 18 inches, is 2/3, plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern also obtainable for jacket, price 1/6. Quilting transfer, 1/6 extra.



CUSHION COVER or sachet in quilting. Design may be obtained traced on white lawn, which is used as a guide for the stitching. Suitable materials for the cover are taffeta, satin, and crepe-de-chine.

QUILTING design for making this attractive jacket is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

SUITABLE materials for quilting are taffeta, satin and crepe-de-chine.

The quilting is stitched through three materials, traced lawn which acts as a guide, middle filling of wadding or thin wool, and outer silk. The article is lined after stitching is finished.

Use stranded cotton or silk for quilting and run over all the lines with small, neat running stitches through all three materials. Make an occasional back stitch to avoid breakages later and now and then give stitching a slight tug to draw it up and give a bubbly appearance.

Finish cushion cover with a frill.

LADY DOVERDALE

is a RED CROSS *Nurse*

—but despite long, gruelling hours, she keeps her skin flawlessly lovely the Pond's way!

Lady Doverdale is the wife of the third Baron Doverdale. She is slim, brown-haired, with a petal smooth skin and blue-grey eyes. Before the war she entertained at her country house in Worcester. Now she has taken up nursing.

QUESTION TO LADY DOVERDALE:

Lady Doverdale, do you find nursing terribly hard on your skin?

ANSWER:

Yes I do! And I simply haven't time for involved beauty treatments. But Pond's Creams keep my skin beautifully soft and smooth. Now, more than ever, I am thankful to have learned such a wonderfully easy way to care for my complexion.

QUESTION TO LADY DOVERDALE:

How do you use Pond's two creams, Lady Doverdale?

ANSWER:

I believe it is very bad to leave even the slightest trace of make-up on one's skin overnight. That's why I always cleanse my skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Then, before I use powder or make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes one's skin delightfully smooth. Powder goes on beautifully and clings for hours and hours.

●

FOLLOW THE SIMPLE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WOMEN . . . AND FIND NEW SKIN LOVELINESS

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night after your usual cleansing before bed.

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved 'Glare-Proof' Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL ☐	ROSE BRUNETTE ☐	SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT CREAM ☐	NATURAL ☐	LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. (X46), Box 1131 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Delicious... This KRAFT Luncheon Dish for Lent

Savoury Toasted Sandwich with Kraft Cheese Sauce

2 cups cooked white fish, flaked. 4 large slices buttered toast with crusts removed. 4 tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise. 2 tablespoon lemon juice. 1 teaspoon onion (minced). 1 tablespoon pickle relish. Salt, pepper.

Combine flaked fish with mayonnaise, lemon juice, onion and pickle relish. Spread on buttered toast, place in individual shallow oven dishes. Pour Kraft Cheese Sauce over sandwiches—bake in a moderate oven until cheese sauce topping is lightly browned. Add garnish of parsley and tomato slices before serving. Serves four.

Make Golden Smooth Cheese Sauce this easy Kraft way

6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese. ¾ cup milk. Salt, pepper.

Shred cheese in saucepan with two tablespoons milk. Heat and stir until blended. Then add remaining milk slowly over low heat, stirring until smooth. Add seasonings. Serves four.

Stays Fresh to the Last Slice

Kraft Cheese is made from a blend of prizewinning cheeses. The same delicious mellow flavour and creamy smoothness in every packet. Pasteurised for purity and foil-wrapped, Kraft Cheese stays fresh to last slice. Look for the name KRAFT on every packet.

IT'S EASY to get delicious variety in your Lenten menus, when you keep plenty of Kraft Cheese handy in your pantry. Kraft Cheese adds new zest and flavour to seafoods, eggs, spaghetti, vegetables . . . and this Savoury Toasted Sandwich with Kraft Cheese Sauce is just one appetising Kraft dish that is guaranteed to be welcome on any luncheon or supper menu during Lent.

What's more, Kraft Cheese provides essential food elements needed to balance meatless Lenten meals. Kraft Cheese, like meat, is a first class tissue building protein food. And Kraft is extra rich in the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft. Sold at all food stores in 2, 4 and 8 oz. pkts.

FOR TASTY MEALS—*IN A HURRY!*

Kraft fish pastes—the handiest food you can keep in your kitchen. So attractive in their smart glass jars, and there are seven delicious flavours to choose from! Just think what tasty, economical sandwiches, children's lunches and savouries you can make with these appetising Kraft fish pastes. These tasty fish pastes are also obtainable in one ounce tins.

Kraft Salmon and Shrimp. *Kraft Crab and Salmon.* *Kraft Salmon and Anchovy.*

FREE! SEND FOR KRAFT RECIPE BOOK TO-DAY

Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Dept. (A.71), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 381 Cleveland Street, Chippendale, N.S.W.; Corner Adelaide & Boundary Streets, Brisbane.

(Write to address in your State or to Melbourne, and enclose 2d. in stamps for postage, etc.)

Please send me a copy of Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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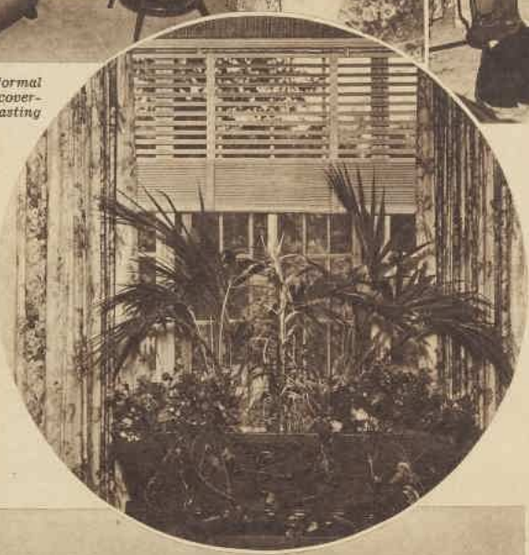
LOUNGE-ROOM furnished in informal style with friendly lounges in varied coverings, and sprigged wallpaper contrasting with plain curtains and carpet.

BREAKFAST-ROOM in country cottage style. Cream-painted brick walls, open fireplace, built-in seat upholstered in scarlet leather to match chairs, chintz curtains, and Old-World table cover are features.
LEFT: An unusual window-box which stands on its own legs and can be moved away from the window when required. It is highly decorative, and holds palms, flowering pot-plants, and vases of trailing ivy.

In Tudor Manner

HOME built, decorated, and furnished in picturesque Old-English style. It has informality, cosy charm, and quaintness combined with modern comfort.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



ABOVE: Exterior of home in Old-English architecture. It has creeper-covered walls, roof tiled in shingle style, and is set in a garden of green lawns, trees, and shrubbery.

LEFT: Dining-room, which has a beamed ceiling and paper-covered walls. Curtains are flowered chintz, carpet is plain, and a little cocktail bar is built into one corner. Notice the hanging vases in the window holding trailing ivy and ferns.

"Wish me luck as you kiss me goodbye,"
Said the pilot just learning to fly.
"Your ankles so slim,
Put my head in a spin"—
And her Kaysers could tell you just why!

Definitely ONE BRAND

I'M A WOMAN NOW!

I INSIST ON

KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Twyn SYLKS
4/11 and 5/11
Lovely Kayser Pure Silk Mir-O-Kleer Fully Fashioned Sheers from 5/11

KAYSER too, is flying high! High in quality—style and wear—only prices are still way down! Step out smartly in sturdy KAYSER Service Sheers! Dance in the tantalising transparency of Mir-O-Kleer Sheers!

And do get acquainted with the practical Twyn-Sylks.

K.H.41-1

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EXCEPTIONAL VALUES

OX.1.WW. — Matron's pure Merino wool CARDIGAN in smart ric rac rib design with two patch pockets and belt. Rust and purple plum in SW., W., OS., XOS. fittings. At **16/11**

OX.2.WW. — Quality wool ribbed TWIN SET—pullover has slice neck and short sleeves; cardigan has open front and flat basque. SSW., SW., W., OS. fittings in almond green and corn gold. Priced at **16/11**

16/11

OX.1.WW.

OX.2.WW.

CM.10.WW.

CM.11.WW.

21/11

Hordern Brothers

203-7 PITT ST. & 420-2 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY.

OX.5.WW.

OX.7.WW.

OX.6.WW.

OX.8.WW.

OX.9.WW.

10/11

12/11

CM.10.WW.—Fancy knit JUMPER SUIT in hyacinth blue and ash pink shades. Jumper features sliced neck, extended shoulders and tie belt; 2-piece skirt has lastex waist. XSSW., SSW., SW., W., XW. Exceptional value, **21/11**

CM.11.WW.—This 2-pce. WOOL SUIT has convertible neckline, extended shoulders and novelty pockets trimmed in contrast. Wine and cadet blue in XSSW., SSW., SW., W. and XW. Price, **21/11**

We pay carriage.

OX.5.WW.—BRUSHED WOOL CARDIGAN in lovely shades of Airforce blue, gold and signal red in SSW., SW., W. and OS. fittings. Grand value! **10/11**

OX.6.WW.—Grey WORSTED SKIRT has knife pleat at side front and centre back; patch pockets. In 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waists. Special at **10/11**

OX.7.WW. — Broad rib-knit WOOL CARDIGAN has mid neck fastening and flat basque. In almond green and winterberry red. SW., W., OS. At **10/11**

OX.8.WW. — Waffle knit MATCH OR MIX TWIN SET in shades of saxe blue and dusty pink. Pullover has sliced neck, short sleeves and ribbed yoke; basque cardigan. SSW., SW., W., OS. Special value at **12/11**

OX.9.WW. — Buttoned-to-neck style fancy cable rib ALL WOOL CARDIGAN in aqua blue and wineberry shades. SW., W. and OS. fittings. At **12/11**

MAIL ORDERS POST FREE, BOX 2526 BB, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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